

A written form of my thoughts

Title: A Written Form of My Thoughts

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Genre/Type: Poetry, lyrics, descriptive, narrative, & other.

Description: This is a public release version of my unfinished works. The project* will continuously be updated from time to time. Please know that you may find spelling mistakes, and other errors. Any feedback, criticism, suggestions and questions are welcomed. I beg of you to read [Note to reader](#) before proceeding further, so that there are no misunderstandings between us.

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Other stuff:

Other titles I have written: My Vendetta against your Gods

Music projects available: [SoundClick](#), [SoundCloud](#), and [Internet archive](#).

*This book is only available in: [scribd.com](#) and [archive.org](#)

Creation program: [OpenOffice.org 3.2](#)

Operating system: mostly [Linux Mint](#) and [Ubuntu](#)

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Note to reader

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This is not a book for children. You may encounter sexual references, vulgar language, ideas that may not be acceptable to your society. If you are easily offended or you have a very limited sense of humor, do not read this book, because you may experience unnecessary pain.

The format of this book proceeds in chapters, which contain titles within them. However the progression of the book is such that you may read any title in any chapter and it would not affect the overall experience. That is to say, you may read it in any order. The arrangement is there just to make it easier to read. Notice that I have indexed all the chapter titles and sub-chapter titles so that its easier to jump from one place to another by using the side pane in

most PDF readers.

This book contains written material, that are more like poems, or lyrics, rather than a long story typically found in a novel for example. Its basically a collection of poetry, most of which is fictional. A collection of written words, compiled into a book. My style of writing is somewhat experimental, I do not follow any known standards in my work, or if I do then I am unaware of it. For that reason, the spellings of some words maybe a little off, and general punctuation maybe different from what you are used to. Plus I do not have a degree in the English language. Part of my written stuff originate from my high school era, but generally everything is from around the year 1999 to present time.

Cheers! (smiley face)

Chapter 1

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Random I – Discovery

Suddenly he matters to her, after all that time, he has become more useful to her, so she can use him, and pretend it's love. If they unite their minds, they can solve most puzzles of life, if they combine their wealth, they can survive and prosper. For anyone to be complete, they must experience everything, they must feel love, they must also lose it, they must smile, they must feel sorrow, anger, apathy, they must be deceived. Nothing will survive indefinitely, for the world is a free and dynamic place, the state of the world is ever changing. So then, plan knowing that, take into account the physical world. Never make too many assumptions, and avoid making expensive ones too. If you can't pay for it, don't assume it. Further more, if you are not willing to accept the consequences of your assumptions, then do not assume anything. There is no ultimate consequence, no paradise, no eternal punishment, only the emptiness inside, only the lost memories of the forgotten people, their works, their family lines may be, but mostly nothing. The void that you do not know of, is the ultimate ending for you. You will not feel, know, or exist, only those who hold on to you, but that is just within themselves, not you. You are not here anymore. So who is the 'Messiah'? Who is the 'God'? Who is the 'chosen one', if not you? - and yet you seem to be nonexistent. You are dead. And it was foreseen that the destroyer will be destroyed as she destroys the world. She and I are the same. Liars and con-artists have to be able to lie well enough, to believe their lie, so that they do

not have any emotion about it, to be one with the lie, making it the new (false) truth. Business companies and big corporations have only one goal - to make profit, everything else is secondary. There are no people, only numbers. Everyone is expendable. Everything is starting to collapse in itself, and I'm counting on it. I have not come to make peace or bring good fortune, but chaos. I have come to destroy everything. Those who can not listen, will suffer and pay for their mistakes. Those who can not learn will never reach their full potential in life. The most valuable skill is to be able to adapt to any situation in real time. Having back up plans is important. If you do not endure the pain, you will never reach your goal, it will always be a few glances away from your reach. Impatience is useless. ↗

Random II – Experience

Married women are interesting, as we look at them differently, and we made them special. My mission in life is to destroy things. My vengeance does not end in blood, my thoughts are mine and free. You can't have everything in life, even if you could have most things, you'd still want more. My blood is wine, and I am not impaired. Happiness and everything else too is just temporary, nothing lasts long enough. I don't have to do anything, I don't even have to care. I always wanted to have a little sister in my family, so I made up one, so I can be happy. I always go there, I smile, I drink and laugh with them, because it's my duty, it's a ritual for them. Even if there's nothing, it's always something. It's not like we have nothing to do, yet we feel so alone. I have become disconnected. I know people take things personally, not me. They always notice, they always see. Out of desire you can get passed your false reality and darkness. After a while you become immune, and you start to resist. There is no hurry to become someone in life, I have all the time in the world, if I don't, then there's no point in trying, I would rather just enjoy the last of what I still have. What I did was this; I took my birthday and divided it almost evenly across the 365 days of the year, so everyday became special for me. If everyone died and no people existed anyone, would the world then exist, would it be any useful for us to even think about it? Although in a simplistic view, you need to be conscious, then everything else will exist for you. But if you can not experience anything, it doesn't mean that no one else

can't; the world will continue to be even without you. I damage myself, then I fix myself so I can damage myself more later on, all to give me the illusion of life moving forward. There's no such thing as random or accident. What appears without a regular pattern or behavior only does so because you can not open your eyes and see it as it is. There are good days, there are useless days, there are euphoric days, there are sad days – is it then to randomness that these days can be attributed to? Do you forget your own dirty hands? You have stained yourself and your friends and here you are crying or laughing. Everything will change at some point, for growth, to the great or to the small. You can't hold on forever to your comfort. It will be taken away by others who want more, other who do not share your world view. The greedy will always want more, the sick will seek medicine, the believer more faith and paranoid of trials from their masters. Who can say, but it seems like I can not remember my other life. My memory, perhaps the memory of those like me, before me, I feel I lack what I have, I can't touch it, but I have it within me. I can not access it because of a fundamental biological fault in me. I fail to unite myself, with myself, I can not agree, so I will never have peace. Why do I seek to destroy you? Yet at times I feel sorry for you, but I do not need anything from you. I have no bias, no want, no end-game, just a position that I occupy at the time you want to refer to me. If I am what I am, then I do not know what I can be, even the appeal of sound escapes me, the assumptions that I made contradict me, and I stare at myself, angry and frustrated at the reflection of my self. ↴

Random III – Accretion

Don't do that, trust me, I know, really? Actually no, but the one who wrote it was not even awake. And they keep dying like it's their job. Why are we still here? There is no such thing as good or bad. Everybody is a hypocrite, everybody lies. We all have roles to play. If there is a general consistent flow, then it's written by one person, or people at the same time and place. Who is there to challenge me, as I am, I will cut you with her blade. There is always a gap somewhere in the universe. We are all over everywhere, and we are many, as I am here. The Norwegian Gods knew, and that is why they are more powerful than the desert Gods. Let there be light, and the winter came; She saw it was not good. It was cold, and dark. She knew if they were to walk naked they would die. Sometimes the light fluctuates, and resists to fade away - Oh that stubborn giant, can't you just go to sleep like we all do? Wherever I go, things collapse around me, dismantled, lost forever, like I came to end it, but just an observer. Like watching a great motion picture, yet seeing yourself without seeing yourself. But you know you are there, because you are here. I keep rotating everything, so that it runs in sync with the other world. As soon as I start rotating things, I can't easily come back here. If you ignore history, you will never learn, you will repeat the same mistakes, ignore what you may blind follower, and you shall be like a lost merchant. To salvage my life I have to first destroy it, just for the sake of growth and revenge, but really to only realize the same ending is already written down in stone with your name in

the middle, next to mine. So yes, even though you wake up early thinking you have got somewhere and you may feel that you're in control, you're not, because there are those who are awake, always awake, and never sleep. And the fearful will always stay close to their medicine, so they can keep on in their regular business without interruption. The ones free from their weakness and fear, will foolishly dream, and they will walk blindly but in faith towards their unknown destination, sometimes without any destination, no end game, but just to play. They say we're done with being serious, is it? But it isn't that we're worried about it – it's those who dare to destroy the dream, it's those who want to take control of the platform, it's hard to see now but it's there. it's good that we feel many things, so we don't get bored and wonder what to do. It's good also, that our lives will be in our own hands, so when we decide to rotate or to merge, we have lived. And the uncertainty is good, because it will keep the world spinning, keep them guessing and selling their answers to the ones in need of answers, being desperate for any answer. ↗

Random IV – Separation

So there comes a point in life where you have stuff or you are happy or just cleaning other people's houses, really, what else could you be doing? Buying lots of useless stuff because someone told you it was good, or it was written in some magazine, of course you wouldn't do that because you are much smarter, but the snow keeps falling like it's suppose to, as if I needed more snow, who should clean those slippery roads now, why should you keep going to the shop and as you slowly keep dying without having had anything useful done, you start wondering what should you eat – chocolate or chips, but I don't really know, because it's not important for me, they always say something, but I'm not gonna sit down and listen, I don't have the time, the nuclear physics projects are waiting for me, so I can narrow down matter and consciousness, and then spending the rest of the days forgetting and remembering my name, all alone by myself, looking and wondering, gazing up like something is about to fall down, but all the time the sky is chaotic, and the fireballs keep missing us, my goodness, I was hoping it was gonna be over, but then again, I still love my wine, and whatever else I do in between that, really it's hard to say because I'm not really awake, just a dreamer in a waking world, and I love to stay awake, sleep makes me paranoid, and I dislike those green stuff, what a waste of my time I say. But if you can't understand me, then you should go and do something else, like I don't know, whatever you do, just don't wonder too much, it's useless to ask if you don't want to know the

truth, am I not really an optimist then? As I am neutral to most things, or I just don't care, open minded but not too cheap to jerk around. The aliens and the clay people don't want to sit down and talk about it, and everyone thinks that the world is all we got. It has to be this way, for their sake and for mine, I said my goodbyes long time ago. I didn't need them, I don't need them at my funeral, I would hate being stared at like that. These bogus hobbies can't keep me distracted long enough, I needed a real problem, an impossible challenge. The battle of good and evil is getting old now, tell the soldiers to pack their bags and go home, take a fucking holiday or something. Nothing really changes inside, that could be the reason why I forget things, dates, days and names. Sleeping is a waste of time, but I will eventually give in. There wasn't enough alcohol to numb my pain, it's hard to forget, even when you don't care anymore. I wasn't gonna go back, there was nothing there for me, a new beginning is what I always wanted, I keep changing everything, even if it's just the furniture in the room. Gave me the illusion I need, while I keep performing my pawn duties, playing along with everyone's fantasies, following directives created by idiots, just because they got there first, just because I need my pay. I'm a diplomatic capitalist at best, how much is my cut – is all I care about, I'm not doing it for the good of anything. There is no good. Just profit making and paying back debts. I must have known this for a long time now, but it only made sense to me recently, as I stood there in the middle of confusion, it was sunny and windy at the same time, part of me was subtle warm part shivering cold. I still don't understand why that hangover reset everything, making most severe symptoms go away, but the feeling is there,

sort of. It's like whatever I had, was killed, and gotten rid of the hard way. It doesn't make sense yet. I could hear the sounds, I could feel the room, the heat of it, the slow motionless air, the tiredness in my bones, the feeling of being useless and half awake. That way I could dream and think at the same time without getting stuck inside it. I could snap out of it when I felt ready. I was paralyzed. After I regained my strength, I knew I was fully recovered and fresh, it killed the lack of sleep from last week and the false promises. ↗

Random V – Illusion

Frozen within a collection of places, the mind goes blank, deep inside, having nothing to see. You could call it emptiness, but I know, that is my true self. As the glass of wine stains my lips, I drink it, I feel it, yet I stand still, as the liquid air fall through me. There are no choices with other people, you can choose, but others are bound to their destiny, their ways, savage as they are, they are true as so am I, likewise. Being lucid is satisfying, as I can be overpowered, like the gods. Do you see what I see, can you feel the pain, can you, as you may know that it will never make sense, as long as it doesn't, you are still dreaming. If you believe everything you will be as you are, asleep like the bird and cow you eat. Universally meaning is meaningless, but individually it's useful. Are we all just actors and actresses in a collection of small stages trying to get in the lead role in the big movie, trying to make an impression to our audience? Walking in one door, out another, playing the parts we need to, so we can all function in the same unstable wooden floor? Eventually the thrill goes away, the big show becomes regular and routine, whatever was once special is now just something that's there because it always was and you're okay with it. It's sad and comic at the same time how people would take easier safer choices out of fear and the need to satisfy the norm of society. May be you do not understand, may be you are young and foolish for saying that to them. Perhaps he has a cancer in him, deep inside, making him that way, careless and openly rude, rational and empty. Is that the reason why god can't

finish her creation? Is she conflicted again with the galaxies of her super knowledge? She and I well know that there is no such thing as infinity or forever, there's always a gap somewhere. ↗

Random VI – Adaptation

As history repeats itself, in the struggle to a better quality of life, paradise, we will soon forget where we come from, making our new life appear ordinary. Is this why you oppose development, freedom, and prosperity? Is this why you enjoy to fight useless wars? Can we learn and remember the lessons? As you may well know, or it has come to your attention; that in abundance of resources, there remains no need to compete or fight wars, or do any useless work. Only work for the benefit of further development. Not the kind that we do these days. New age slavery. Refined. As you have been lied to, made to believe be it honor to work as a slave for most of your life, to serve those who pay you paper, making you believe it's real value. Where do you think your masters get the resources to pay you to do the mindless tasks in your life. Know what matters for you. What is true? What is real? Happiness? What is this happiness thing? Is it useful to judge and hold true a proposition, like morality, based on merely the amount of people supporting it. Is the vote of the majority enough in a society to ensure some sort of prosperity or fairness? As you well know, even if most of your peers think a proposition true, doesn't make it any more or less true than the rest who think it false. Is there a true morality? Is there an absolute truth? Or is reality more relative? Why do we still have the same old problems we do? Poverty, hunger, division among people, wars, hate, cruelty – have we not learned anything? Electing the same corrupt puppets and illusionists, hoping

for a better life, yet we are disappointed again and again. Unqualified individuals, self serving individuals hold too much power. Is it not wiser and safer to have a parallel group of people with 'super-knowledge' of all the possible fields, science, and so on, instead of having a single person who qualified only from talking too much, lying too much, and funded agendas from shadow corporations. Why not people with technical knowledge, instead of mere suit wearing liars with stiff smiles. A Politician is like that fake necklace which is gold plated to make it seem more valuable and pleasing to the eye; it neither has real value, neither can it feed you, nor can you learn anything new from it. And most important, it's an luxury item, not necessary for survival. Nothing these days gets done, unless one has resources for it, or funding. Whatever things that are done, are done so because there is profit in it, it is not common to find services provided simply because they can be provided. Everybody wants to cut in the profit. Why not have an open source, free, common shared resources, for a common goal, for general development? Just like the Linux operating system distributions. Most things are possible, the resources are there, the knowledge is there, there is no need to pay for abundant things like water and electricity, but we do. We shouldn't have to pay high taxes on everything – we shouldn't have to pay taxes at all. ↗

Random VII – Ignorance

Dear summer shows up all well and warm, as I try to forget my scars, my winter jacket smells, my shoes - I need to change them. I need to change a lot of things, but I don't have time. Even if I walk around, I would still need to understand, nothing is that different - clean up the mess. Without knowing what will happen, its hard to say, I wont speak, I wont speculate much, I'll share the silence, the mute, in the corner with the rest of you faithless people. But I came this far, far enough for me, like she said, like they told me. I would be the same I tell myself over and again, I don't buy it - that there's something more, as far as I know, I'm all alone. I haven't planted anything yet, I haven't found anything. You, me, and everyone else like me - we have failed to live up to the standards, but we don't care, I'm not capable. Lying to myself is an art, its a trick, its necessary. If there was a truth to be found - we would have found it, if I was like them - I would not be here with you, and perhaps I would care, perhaps I would change. Enjoy the silence while you can, smell the world and the soil, kiss the forehead of the king, throw flowers on the asphalt, find your way again - so will I one day. I know I'm late again, very well, its only been a while. Something doesn't add up, mostly you need to see what you speak of, imagination has its limits, as you know. Whatever you do or forget to say, its up to you entirely, its hard to say anything productive here. Its never enough to know things, its never enough to see, you need to feel. Feel it all, take it all in, deal with it, merge it, attach it and remove it as well, be with it

one, but become yourself and leave. The corner is just an illusion, the wall is there to be there, so you can say 'that's why I failed' but really, you failed long before, long before you woke. At least you have something to lie to yourself about. Still, when we talk, it seems like you are set well and focused on your own convictions, leaving me to babble alone in vain. ↗

Random VIII – Tyranny

Just the other day I rinsed my balls with milk. What? You thought I was gonna drink that shit, I'm lactose intolerant for goodness sake! I feel so cleansed and relaxed now. I wasn't gonna let the milk expire without putting it to good use. My girlfriend and I enjoy long walks on the beach and a drink of wine, oh wait, I forgot – I don't have a girlfriend. I think its the wine, its making me make up false memories. Do I believe in the power of love? No, Jesus, I don't, tell that to Buddha. He can take his shrines and magic rings and shove them. The most thing we have is capitalism and communism. If you're lucky. By the end of this century, we would have tortured and killed so many people that just thinking about it could kill us faster. Everyone has had a hand in the dirty work, one nation has done to another, one tribe has done to another, we have violently competed and compared our organs and political philosophies, religion and unconditional devotion, slavery and systematic oppression of the human spirit. Even if they say that we're free, it just means we're free from the old type of slavery, and now we have transitioned to a new type. This is where businesses are kept alive and fueled from human suffering. This is where people are being used and abused to keep the economy from falling flat on the fucking ground, and that ground stinks of the blood and sacrifice of such people. But even so, my feelings are split (my feelings, he says, like he has any real feelings). I think its tough to keep up and keep reminding yourself what to feel at what time. That multicolored tie and that

neatly pressed suit reeks of the lies and the profit-ripping plans to step on everybody's dreams. Its hard to smile anymore, my jaws hurt and my back makes a cracking sound whenever I sit too long, listening to your bullshit. I can't stand this anymore, its just too funny and too sad at the same time. I'm trying not to laugh, I'm trying not to care, but I get a headache after a while, nothing is getting better here. The bullshit starts all over again. My battle is not against those who do not appreciate me, nor is it against those who don't like me - I fight against everything, against everyone. My vendetta goes deep, it unfolds beyond a single thing. Don't think I'm asking you to fix something, I'm not. I know you very well - you wont do anything, you'll keep singing those stupid songs, and running in your rat-maze like you always do (and I wont say a thing). Even if I cared about what you thought of me, its all meaningless. Its just too small. You're insufficient, minimal, and negligible. In my mind, and more importantly in the mechanics of the universe, you have been rounded off and approximated to zero, and you do not slow the earth's rotation one bit. Because you enjoy the oppression you live in, you will live with it till you die, and generations to come. I wish you well, so you can keep serving your masters and their system. After all, without people like you, the system would perish (and that's just unthinkable). The imperialist asshole, the zoo keeper, the manager of the circus clowns, the slave machine of the world - that is the one you serve, you fucking mindless ant. After a long stretch of time, you and your kings will perish as well, just like the earth, and each grain of sand in it. I hate this shit, I despise it all. If you haven't figured it out yet - that there is nothing random about this, even if I call it was random. It all fits in with

everything else, and hence, making that bigger picture more clear. If I could think of a more depressing way to say this, I would have done so, because I want you to feel as empty as you really are (just for my pleasure). If you came looking for hope, you might as well go eat an apple or something. The imperials and their second hand puppets think they have the right to mess everything up for the rest of us, with their greed and blood hunger for material wealth (at the expense of everything else, of course). They deface the world, and then force the rest of us to join in the parade. But I'm tired already, its exhausting to repeat myself over and over, saying the same thing in many different ways. The most dangerous thing that destroys life or well-being is adopting a foreign and unknown way of life different from your own. Being forced into a new world with no means of living in it, becoming a varlet to the new world, forsaking your old simple life, becoming like them. We are raised in a bubble, in a big lie. We are taught that we must embrace competition and greed, that we must get formal education, that we must sacrifice our lives for that greater good, that we must obey those in authority, that we must fall in line. However, we aren't taught the basics of survival, we can't use our environment in its most natural form, we have thrown away good wisdom in exchange of a money driven paradise supported by slaves, and the slaves are you and me. A lot of people survive and are capable of living life in their own terms. But once something like capitalism is introduced, everything goes down the drain, of course benefiting only the few, while the masses work endless hours just to meet their basic needs (which were taken away by those greedy few). Some even have the balls to call that democracy. Its just crazy.

But I'm passed that point, long time ago. So, the biggest challenge then, is to shift back the power to the masses, to turn back the dial, so that even those with the least means can make it, like they used to before, share the wealth with everyone, so that nobody needs to stab anyone for more bread. Give out free education, free water, free electricity, as it is in abundance (you might as well charge people for sunlight and oxygen). There is no need for profit and greed, no need to sweat, no need to sacrifice time, no need to put down that drink on Sunday evening. I don't have much time, but I have to say what I can, because I still can. Every word I write, as time passes by, I can feel my neurones dying off, my response diminishing, like a slow exit, but I don't know when its gonna end. So I hold on to the ride till the possible final destination.

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Random IX – Reality

Only one of us is real, only one of us will suffer. Only part of me, just a part. Whatever else there is in me, all that is just a waste, as we know, nothing will happen. Can I suffer everything at once? Is that even possible? I doubt it. I have never seen such a thing. But who am I to say no, after all, am not the designer here, just the one who will suffer or not suffer. The answer is unclear, the path is unclear, but we shall see once it progresses, whether I will live or not. It seems like am leaving my outcome to chance, but am not, its more like biology. If am strong enough, I will get through that. Some may want to say that am reckless, maybe I am, maybe not. Who knows anymore. Soon after a new path, all becomes well and new again, that means it was given birth gradually not instantly, so perhaps you can trace back your steps, and you might find your answer. Whatever the case, being consistent helps, studying those without can reveal the pattern, knowing them and what they do and how they live, knowing yourself and how you live, the difference will be apparent and clear. The danger is if nothing works for you, you will grow weak, you will be defeated. You may want to hide, but you can not hide, you aren't that self-sufficient yet. Trial and error, it will take a while, it may seem like forever, but just a circle, it will repeat as you keep going and turning with it, until you stop. The circle will keep spinning you, like in most things, I need patience, I need to try it for longer, I need to suffer through the pain. I need to walk through the fire and the rain, because after a while it will make sense,

just not yet. I haven't lost my faith, I have not lost the sight of what matters, I have not forgotten who I am, I do not doubt myself, I have not grown fearful, just tired and weak, but only physically. A change in thought, a fixation of something nice, more than just a sneeze, I should quit while I'm ahead. She made me, I cant seem to leave, whenever I speak, she can see through me. An exchange between our saliva, my bones itch, my nerves can not calm, I'm more than just fixated. I barely made it, I cant say it. Its not like they say – I hate it, I really do. Theres something more, more than this, I'll be a fool and fight it, hope is never enough. Damn me. Maybe everything can be reset, but can I forget? Cant we just let things be, like they used to, if I can just look the other way, again, we had much more, more than energy. We built the universe from scratch – You, me, their reflections and the words left out. The conversation we never had, the love we never found, even though we knew each other. Once the placebo wears off your broken spirit, its inevitable, its more or less written. But we both know how its gonna end this time, we've studied it well. Maybe we planned it without thinking, maybe we played the perfect game. Perhaps without you I'd be just a flicker, just a sidekick, maybe I'd be much more but in another world. Sometimes I look to the side, I try and ignore the reality forming before us. I suppose its hard to ignore everything. Hope I came to my senses in time, I hope time waited for me. But who am I kidding, its not for me – thats what I said back then, thats what I believe now as well. Change is not my thing, I've dealt with my ghosts already, I was ready to go, and never look back. Everything held in its place. Its one thing being extremely poor and having shitty luck, but its far worse to be unsuccessful in

the eyes of the world. Everybody looks down at you, like you're a peasant, or just some useless bag of meat using their precious oxygen. Fucking loonies. Things could not get any more shittier than that, but wait, yes, theres more. There always is. Just when you thought you hit the wall – the wall crumbles and you keep falling deeper in the pipelines and settled dust. Even so, there must be something good left to say about this world – Jesus fucking Christ on a Christmas candle – I can't think of a single good thing. By some miracle, by some stretch of the imagination, I still manage to be misunderstood. Its more than just frustrating – its a failure on my part. I guess I knew it would come to this, perhaps its inevitable – people will always clash. Funny as hell I find myself always having to defend my position, to fight back, to keep an ounce of my freedom and humanity alive. Its easy to alienate everyone, it can happen in a flash, just a few words and the world could be inverted. What a fucking joke I say – the kind that makes me just stare with a cold empty face like someone died. Fucking people judge me, its plain and simple, you can see the flicker in their eye as they blink and pretend, as you walk in to the fading gossip and high frequency whispers of the righteous and the uneducated. The power that I claim to posses is that of crafting – I can shape anything to whatever I so wish, it can be done by any artist. I shape my sword in a specific way, so it can cut the way I desire. But to those used to playing with sticks – they may not understand why my swords are shaped as they are. That is the secret behind art. But I'm wasting my time saying all this – as there will still be some who doubt me and twist my words – its like singing to a crow – I'm the one who will tire and give up and let the crow keep making the same old noises. I don't

have time to draw flowers and hearts when I write or speak, theres only so much politeness I can display before my brain cells start to die off. Because sometimes people think that the rest of the world revolved around them. Does everything have to be about them? Why not about the world in general? I have not made my life about seeking attention or recognition. I have not found any glory in claiming the center stage, I'm just a man with a somewhat functional brain. I do not expect more than that. ↗

Random X – Transformation

I feel like a corpse. Its nothing new, just like a sore throat and a headache on a Monday morning. I know there's something off about everything but I cant put my finger on it. Its too tricky for me, and the fact that I'm intoxicated most of the times. But maybe when I sleep less I will remain awake long enough to make something useful. Maybe my talents and hard work wont go to waste. I'll move buildings with my mind just to see your ass shake a little bit. In the mean time, why don't you bend over backwards and blow me. And I cant understand why, I still haven't solved the mystery of her existence, its confusing and intriguing I cant stop. I'll keep digging till I embody her essence. I became of regular form (before everything that exists). I have watched you and seen you grow, slowly, I have seen what you do, how you manipulate people, how you get your way each time. I laugh because I find it silly, and amusing in some way. Look at those poor people, they have no clue what you really are, do they? I'm not an activist, I'm a rebel. Since I have managed to completely erase the ultimate force, I took her place, just like in my dream, I became authority, I became power, I became the source of life to all. I embodied the infinity and the beginning. I stood there with them but now I was greater than them. Greater than all of them combined. I could sense their fear, their despair, their hearts beat faster as they worry about their fate. The last thing I need is unplanned mistakes with people I don't even plan on seeing that much. I don't have the slightest intention of doing anything

with them. Simplicity and love, I have evolved to see more than I am suppose to. I like what I have, I like who I am, but can I do this all the time? It seems like its a long way, like a valley, and I cant stop anymore. Distance is not an obstacle, its a dream, its a lie, its your excuse. You are like a little child with no toys, you walk around but you are empty like me. Everything I do is kinda off. But you notice. Your silence is fascinating. Saying things is really easy, but doing what you want seems to be yet a challenge. Even though I like myself and my existence, I am confused at times, I need an explanation about the state of things around me. I know life sucks, I know I am not truly complete. I shall try my best to become who I really what to become. It is never enough. Sometimes I say things, sometimes you tell me what I wanna hear. Sometimes, I don't want to listen to you, but you always manage to say things. In the end all I have are my words, my drink and my reflection to remind me who I am. Stranger things may happen, but I know its all just myth and over-exaggeration. People like jumping to conclusions with very little thought. But I hesitate to rush anywhere, only fools do that. I am a fool as well, but a different kind of fool, one much more aware of their foolishness. ↗

Chapter 2

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Subjective experiences

While I was there present in the time, in the moment, in the doing, I wasn't afterward, in my other self, in my future, it wasn't me. And it felt as real as anything, but I am not fully certain that I was really there. Whether it was me, or part of my self, I do not know. If you want to live forever, then you should create an indefinite amount of lifetimes in between your non-conscious, non-waking time. Dream, recall, remember all the little details, merge them as if they were your memories, then after you will never know the difference, because it all happened, and it's in the past, both apparently real. And in your waking life, forget the distinction of day and night, or days; just go with the moment. The present moment, the feeling that you feel, and see yourself feeling it. Do not regret, do not even blink over whatever is done, just go on, to the next moment. There is no fixed future, no frozen path, the state of the world is dynamic and 'alive' as in ever changing. You can predict the future to a limited set of variables, but not fully outline everything. Whatever you assume to be true may not be true to another person; so reality, truth depends on how you look at it, depends on your point of view.

The subjective form, the reference to the first person, I, me, and myself; really are the first and most important of all. The whole universe exists because I, the conscious being, can keep it existing, because I can project the physical world into my mind, because I can remember familiar shapes, forms, and people. Because I can remember, I can learn, then also I can survive, and

I can choose, and my choices will matter to me. Nothing existed before me, and nothing will exist after me. I mark the beginning and the end of reality for me. Whatever I experience is reality for me. Here I stand, and from where I stand, I see the world – so it's really me and everything else that make up 'the everything'. As a result of my subjective experiences, my existence, which is similar to playing a video game in first person view. You are the lead-character, and everything else is just part of the game. And if you die in the game, the game ends, everything else stops to exist. The state of the world in that game won't change. Even the ghosts, demons, and angels can exist in us, because we let them to exist. So, we are more than the gods we fear. Because if we do not exist, neither will the gods exist for us. Hence the gods need us for their existence. But because all that is just an expression of your consciousness, we will let that go, and it will be part of everything else. How painful or lonely can death be if you do not exist to experience it? Then how can you know? You can speculate, and you can imagine, just before you die, along with your fear, you may perhaps feel the emptiness, the void, slowly taking over. But the fear doesn't go away, neither does the wonder and the speculation.

There is no heaven, or hell, just the bed you make for yourself every night. Just the emptiness, and the slow decomposing of your physical body, in your cold, dark, suffocating grave. If you're lucky. So whether you worry or not, it will not change the end result, whether you are rich, poor, nice, rude, black, white, religious, spiritual, agnostic, skeptic, alcoholic, sober, sick, well, confident, weak; all that, and more, none of which will alter the end result in

your favor. Pray, wish, hope, or cry – no amount of will power will move an inch of matter anywhere. There is no magic. That's how simple and depressing it is if you think about it. Whatever gets you through the day, whatever turns you on, use it, as it doesn't matter what you use or don't use, it's only for your comfort, the illusions you create are only yours. Just like I can create worlds, move mass, and bend gravity in my alternative reality, so can you in yours. I enjoy playing Deity in my dream world. I am the god of my world. In my world, where bullets deflect away, enemies fall, landscape altered to my liking, infinite strength, endurance, and might, I can fuck anyone, I can do anything I want to, with no consequence. With all that, I feel no need to assume that there is a powerful supernatural terrestrial being. Due to subjective experiences, I am the closest thing to god there is, for me. And you for you. We are all gods, which is meaningless, because if we are all special, then nobody is special. We're all just part of 'the everything'. But even if we know all that, it doesn't change anything really, we are still here, lost and hungry. Whether you call an apple a stone or an apple, it won't change the chemistry inside that object. Similarly, calling a bear a dog, won't make the bear any nicer and stop him from eating your arms.

I am lost in these times, I am greatly puzzled with life. And as I looked for the solutions and alternatives to this, I found nothing specific, but a lot of things everywhere. I found wine, bread, meat, air, different people, rain, the sun. I found money, drugs, music, business, thieves, forgery, evil, good. So I found a lot of things, and they all had something to do in everything we do. Someone told to find the 'truth', so I searched, but as I went deep in to the

journey, it began to seem endless, or rather short, but within an endless circle of the same things ever-repeating. So I went on, but I stepped out of the endless circle, and I took a chair, sat down at the side of the circle – looking at my self as I went around. I realized how much I was lost and taken by the idea of searching for something.

So then, I re-created my self - to be able to see that circle (and other ones too), but as I did that, I realized that the whole world is full of them, and to an extent I can not get out of all of them. So I tried looking for a pattern in life; like a formula, so solve this problem, I soon found my self adapting to objective thinking, realistic reasoning, rationality, abstract thoughts, and wild presuppositions – making my self too complex for me to hold us in unity within. Along with all this, I found my self falling away from the world, and also falling with it. Everyday I see my self falling, whether it is real or not, I can feel the pull, and the lack of stability, even though I was able to capture and keep some moments of my journey through musical experience – I still fall. But my music is all I have that is more real than my pain or sorrow, because of experience (as in feeling something, not wisdom or knowledge).

I was able to transfer my energy, my self, my soul fragments to my music, as a plan to separate my self from me, and keeping my self everywhere, for a long time – so that I can think that I existed, because if I contained my self within me and my music within a smaller isolation – then how could I prove that I did in fact exist? If no one remembers me, if I never caused an effect in any part of the universe apart from my self within. Anyways, some one told me that I should search for 'God', So I did. I did search till I found my

self again in the endless circle. So as soon as I realized it again, I stepped out, and I looked at the world, and I saw too much suffering, too much distance between people. Even though some have claimed authority over the millions through the resources of the world, of nature, of the old mysteries; others gladly serve these people thinking that 'fate' is on their side. Foolishness. How is there 'fate' I asked my self, presupposing that we have 'free will'. How can it be that I may decide consciously to do something and yet it maybe fated for me otherwise.

Then I thought that okay, maybe we're just all alone here – because how many children have died in the hands of the world's cruelties and yet were praying endlessly, thinking that they may one day see, feel, experience something better? So I realize, that even if you sit in an isolated castle praying endlessly (as compared to actually going somewhere physically, personally, doing something), that you will never cause an effect to the world, unless you had divine intervention, and we lack that. And also since there is 'free will', or freedom to choose to some extent (there are limitations. For example you can't choose to fly), you - the endless prayer; can not cause people to do something, likewise you can not cause the world to freeze before you in the real sense. Because, who are you anyways? Likewise, if I decide to kill you, even if u prayed against me – it would not necessarily make me do otherwise and spare your life. Afterward if I do kill you, then some other stranger may come, pass by, and say, 'it was his time...', or 'God decided to take him...' or something similar, indicating that it was almost as if it was written down somewhere. So if that is how 'God' works, then I think we are talking about

the wrong 'God'. Assuming that human life is of value.

All this is still just in the physical realm, the material world; what we see, the here and the now. This is not too abstract, in fact it's real. And rather simple to understand. If we look, really look, we may see these things all around us. People making extraordinary claims, exalting themselves, making themselves higher, and the rest of us sinners who need fixing. Some enforce their ideas as supreme, some create conflicts between people of opposing ideas, others don't care.

Sometimes I hate this world, and I find wine and music and the rain to be more real than anything else. It is until you try photography that you may realize how beautiful this world really is and how hard it is to capture it. It is until you make music that you may appreciate it. It is until you experience loss that you may appreciate what you still have. It is until you are aware, conscious, that you may - be and feel - alive. It is until you find your true self that you may be unified within, and be the best you can possibly be. ↗

Real time strategy

Survival is the key to all, everything else follows after. If you're not alive, you will not feel the happiness you wanted to feel. So first you need exist. So when you sketch your strategies, only make short term ones, and take into account the maximum potential obstacles. As the world is infinitely large, and unpredictable, your strategy should allow error, and alternative routes to get the same thing. There is almost never a straight road. If you can make good short term strategies, then you can free your consciousness, and thinking mind, to focus on other things. Because focus is most efficiently singular, that is, you can consciously focus on one specific thing at maximum potential at the moment. Just like the eye can focus an object, and you see the details in the object, the rest of the surrounding is out of focus, blurry, even if you roughly see them, you can't accurately describe the details.

We are capable of survival in the most harsh conditions. Because we can adapt to most challenging situations, be it environmental or internal. Cold winters, poverty, loneliness, disabilities, and other limits. We are capable to manage our lives, and face obstacles, physically and mentally. In time, we are able to get used to certain conditions imposed upon us. Especially if we are made to believe that those conditions are the only conditions available, and the best ones you can get. As long as we believe that it's the only way possible to live, we will gradually accept the new conditions. And if we never knew anything else before those conditions, it means that we will perceive them as

'normal'. We won't even blink to wonder. But what if you expand your awareness ? What if you get to learn that there are relatively better conditions you can attain ? Depending on what matters to you and so on, you may attempt to reach to that new level. After you reach the new level, you become aware of the steps taken, or the distance traveled to get there. And you appreciate the new level. Be it life conditions or your personal achievements. Then time passes. You are well accustomed in your new life now. You start to forget where you came from. Perhaps you remember faintly, just the most extreme and dramatic ones. As long as you don't see a reason to return to the previous life, you probably won't. Why choose to suffer if you can avoid it ? It depends on your strategies. For example, if your priority is to save money, then you can cut down on the unneeded purchases. You can return to your previous low budget that you used to survive on while you were relatively poor. Without starving yourself. ↗

Freedom and Emptiness

So what do you do with all your free time? How do you compensate for the absence and void inside you? How do you replace ideas, maintain balance or sanity? After a long battle, you get home, and you rest your battle sword and your head, and you look up in the sky, it's finally quiet. There is no one looking back, just the emptiness of the lonely stars, if there are any. You gaze to wonder, what next? What now? Since I have destroyed all my enemies, and taken care of my kin. Do I just sit back and drink wine to the rest of my life? Of course I know I can't fight the whole world. I wouldn't. it's not my job to. I can only protect my kin, and those around me. How much more free and lonely can I get? Life just became less meaningful. Now that I have become free of the darkness and barbarism, I remain with so little. So now, that there is no ultimate consequence, how does it all end? Or does it end at all? I can only speculate. But even if life is without purpose, it can still be worth living. At least so far as to see the ending. All the experiences, feelings, emotions, drives, wants, needs, all of that and more is worth being here for. The paranoia, the wonder, the phobia, the uncertainty of it all – that the future whatever it is, is not fixed. Anything can happen, anything can change, nothing (that is conscious) is bound in itself to an indefinite specific task. Thoughts are chaotic. Thoughts are complex. Choices are too many to count. Nothing is simply binary. And we can not see very far – we're limited to the simpler things like minutes and hours as compared to years and decades.

Anything too large, or too small, we have to assume, and speculate mostly. We can't even see the whole city at once in which we stand in. We can't make a sound choice from the infinite choices that there really are. It's hard to see infinity. We like to narrow down things into what we can count and see with our two eyes. Yes or no? Good or evil? Friend or enemy? Is it ever that simple. Not only you would have to define the terms, but you would have to set limits as to what range falls into those two extreme categories. When are you good? Is it when you think of nice things, or when you do nice things, or is it when you do nice things for ten days, or you do nice things to everyone, everyday? What if you missed a few days in between, what if your opponent doesn't think it's nice enough?

When the normal amount don't get you high enough anymore, what do you do? Maybe you find more, maybe you try and search for something better. And it's still not enough, you want more, and more. I can't get enough. It's frustrating, and annoying. How many glasses of wine do I need to drink to feel good? These days, I can't tell. Even in life, there are those things that create temporary happiness for you, from time to time. Whether it's sex, wine, or hallucinogenics, there may come time when you want more and more, and it's never enough. And even with those things and more, life is still boring, simple, and pointless. The only reason to live is to see the ending. But you won't be sad or disappointed if you didn't live to see the end. It's hard to perceive that our lives are guided by a special divine plan, or that it's determined by a flip of a coin, or a role of a die, even if it were so, we would still have to explain the 'coin flipper', and the 'master of the plans'. With all the chaos and freedom,

with all the thoughts and ideas rising up, it's hardly the case that were looked after by someone specially assigned to that task. And when you become free from that, you are left with the emptiness inside. Religion is an attempt, therapy groups are too, people trying to create a norm, others are holding on to false hope so they can sleep well at night. The price of being completely free is high. With complete freedom, comes utter emptiness. Some may not be able to live that way. So before you approach this freedom, know of the emptiness you will receive too. There is no purpose, just that of which you make for yourself. Meaning comes from what you value. Don't expect any glory, joy or happiness – just suffering, pain, and loneliness. ↗

Be your own father, be your own mother

What drives a man to cause that much suffering? What law or tradition justifies the horror projected upon an innocent child? Even at a young age, the fears and uncertainties grew and overshadowed me. The beginning of thoughts, and the wonder in silence. Pretending is easier, smiling and ignoring solves all your problems. Hiding in the midst of the masses makes my day go by in grace. For who is there without a conscious that will harm me in the daylight with the eyes of the world watching? I could always smell my fate, everyday I knew, I had my methods. Sometimes it was luck, or the unaccounted outside forces of chaos, or randomness – that was my salvation. Is it sound to hope for someone else to stop existing because you fear them? To hope for anything that can change things? Even if it were death or suffering? I found myself doing that often, and often disappointed. Sure there were good times, but it was just temporary, like everything, it came and left. It was like an alternating wave. I could have stood up to the tyranny, I could have fought against, but I didn't. I was scared. The fear was greater than the fear of darkness. Do we ever adapt to things like that? Maybe the adaptation is to play along and suffer in silence, and gather all resources and when the time comes, you rise. But does revenge help? Certainly doesn't alter the past. It doesn't matter anymore. Those who are affected are the ones who suffer, the ones who cause suffering may not lose any sleep over it. Even if it doesn't matter, the anger builds up and thrives inside me, I can feel it, and I enjoy it.

it's not about forgiveness, because I don't care. I feel nothing for them, for anyone. I don't care because it's easier that way. My revenge in silence, absence, and emptiness. My revenge is being free. ↗

Thoughts of a drunk man

I sit down with my vodka and wonder at my life, looking at the glass of clear liquid. Thinking how did I wake up in this life, and why am I still here in the same stink. I can't even taste my spit. I'm tired. I seem calm and focused but I'm not, I'm just in slow motion because of the shit I've been drinking for the past year. The 'high' kills my emptiness and makes me forget. What a bloody mess I made of things. The woman I like I can't have, the point of living is still a mystery, but as long as the drinks keep coming, I ain't got none to worry about. My hands, my fingers are cold, I don't have enough blood to share with my whole body. Shit! I need a drink. Oh wait, I'm having one. Damn it. I should have done the unthinkable, I should have made that one mistake that remains to be made. I pride myself in being 'the destroyer of worlds', but I could not create a small shit-storm in a small town when I had to. Fuck! I should have taken all the choices away. I had powers of gods, of creation, of devastation. But as usual I acted like a mortal fearful man. Now since I have lost the battle I will take drastic measures to ensure I win the war. We all live, we all die, nothing new. If I've nothing to loose and if I'm truly fearless like the gods, I shall take that second wave. I will go down fighting, till I can't fight no more. What the hell, I'm in the midst of it already. But first wait, let me have my vodka. ↗

Absolute emptiness

I feel totally empty. Nothing lasts long enough for me to notice. Before I blink it's over, passed by, soon like it was never here. Why do I feel this way? Why do I care? Put a name to it, pick a fancy one, it doesn't matter. How do I resolve it, how do I minimize it? Day in, day out, I look around I see the same walls, the same random dust pattern, the same dirty carpet, I spent a lot of time in music, arts and self discovery, now I feel like I have nothing more to create, all my temporary hobbies have come to a halt. It doesn't matter how many coffee cups I drink, it doesn't matter how many wine glasses I have, no amount of sexual pleasure keeps me sober, no amount of compassion or affection is enough. Why do I feel what I feel now? But I know it would be worse without the wine, without the sex, without the coffee, and arts, I know it would be much worse, but still I feel this. I can never start anything to finish it, I change my mind so easily because of rational reasons, I believe if I have time I need not do anything, but if I don't have time, why bother even thinking about it? I'm sure this is not just a phase, I am who I am, I'm not fully capable of playing along with you nice people, with all your mating rituals, fancy cloths, and silly games. I need nothing, there's nothing I desire that I can get from you, and I do not need to play your games so I can satisfy your society, I shall be true to myself, we are who we are, as I am, I am. In the end it doesn't matter, and I know that, I have known it for a while now, and I stopped wondering, there are some few sticking points, I overreached myself, I'm not

an alcoholic, I don't need alcohol, I just used it when I can, I know that no amount of wine is going to make me happy. I'm not asleep anymore, as I know myself, maybe I'm immune to happiness, resistant to having inner peace. It's hard to undo things, once you know, you can't go back, I'm glad I know, I'm glad for the disillusion, for the clarity, as I hate lies designed to keep me in a fantasy world. I'm not that fragile, I am fearless, I am god, I will kill you if you test me, and I won't even blink, my needs keep evolving, my curiosity drives me. I know there's no such thing as good or bad, as long as I can live with the consequences, but I know there's nothing impossible to handle, rarely is there something with no solution. The only thing that's on my way is time, I feel like I have lived a few lifetimes already, I can't comprehend those who want to live forever, what would you do with infinite time? Just a few decades for me is depressing and boring, maybe if I was somebody special, but not like this, I just don't have the patience to go through the troubles, the struggles and hard work needed for that, I don't care for greatness, but I need my strength and addictions. If there's a point to life, I missed it, I wasn't paying attention, I have felt the deaths of everyone around me a hundred times before, I have felt the pain of losing everything, over and over, I have felt the conflict of taking a life myself. I have come to love the power and ritual, but I do not have a need for it. ↗

Chapter 3

Titles in this chapter:

[Weakness and foolishness](#)

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Weakness and foolishness

Let barbaric men fight over stupid things, let them quarrel and kill each other over foolishness, let the traditional blind world keep spinning in it's axis of inferior ideas and assumptions. Let those who want the simple, want them, and leave them to want. Ignore the ignorant masses, let them be content with what they have, let them flourish in poverty and sickness, let them drink their own water, and eat their own food. Have no care, have no worry over anything. Do not love, do not trust, do not assume or expect love, do not assume or expect trust. There is no need to force yourself to go through the stupid feelings over and over again, the delusional emotions, the cravings of a primitive reptile. Once is enough. There is no love, just a big bubble about to blow up. Just shattered hope, lies, need, want, lust, and survival. Let those foolish people play along their ridiculous games. Let them sacrifice if they want to. With no expectation, there is no disappointment. Do not feel insufficient alone, do not feel the need to search for a completion. All you need is you. You are sufficient. Let the weak bow down to the sun and their imaginary gods, let them give away their possessions, let them think it's for a better good, let them feel insufficient alone, so they can crave for a social unity with other similar weak people. And together all those weak people will live happily ever after in their little world. Maybe it wont collapse on them. I'm sure their own lies will provide them their false hope each time in need. Let those foolish men fight glorious wars, let them die in battle in the false

promise of a better place. And let the weak feel guilty for their deeds, and feel the need to earn salvation from their imaginary gods. Let them feel the weight of their sins crushing their spine, and be troubled every falling night, and they will bend on their knees and pray so they can feel a temporary relief.

'Weakness' is not a description to socially embarrass you, but merely to show that what you lack within yourself. Nothing is absolute. Make your own life for yourself. See yourself doing what you do, be free of foolishness around you.

Forge your own weapon. Make up your own reality. Life is yours; you make it or break it. ↗

An unpleasant observation of the world

People are stupid, they will believe almost anything they are told. Just give them a purpose, a task, make them feel special, like there is something great out there to be attained. Promise them those things that they need, give them false hope, provoke their fears and calm them with your lies, they will give away everything they have for it. Invisible men, unicorns, and magic worlds, what silly dreamers we are, what a waste of time. Foolish lonely pathetic idiots spend all their life looking for something that doesn't exist. What a way to live, serving other men thinking your service is of greater importance. You're so eager to save yourself. You silly absentminded empty screw up, nobody is coming to save you; you are gonna die. Eventually we all are gonna die. Which is fine, no surprise there, don't act like you just figured that out. Sure you're scared shit-less, maybe worried a bit, or at least wondering, what happens afterward. Even if it were somehow possible that an all powerful, all knowing superhero existed, he certainly doesn't give a shit about you. What about me? Well I'm not even in the argument. I grew up. I don't need false promises, and more mystery in my life, the universe is mysterious enough. Besides, my universe works just fine without the extra baggage. I don't need hope from a collection of barbaric science fiction history books. I forge my own hope, I make my own luck, I create my own happiness. I just don't see the need to assume more than what is necessary. If you want an explanation on 'why we are here', or 'where did we come from', or any other

'big question' – well I don't care, and I'm not so interested that I will take any answer as opposed to no answer. I don't need an answer to everything. I chose to live life as it happens, not to dwell too much in the past, what could have, or would have, it's pointless, and you might die before you find out anything new or useful. Yes there are beautiful things, yes life is complex, and it couldn't have just appeared, and at times it appears that there should be a craftsman for all this chaotic order we have. From the functions of a single cell to the mysteries of the vast seemingly infinite universe, however you look at it, you would still need an explanation to the mastermind of the mastermind, the father of you father, the parent folder, a point of origin, whether singular or not. But even if you knew all that, then what? Would your life be any better, your still gonna die, unless you discover the key to immortality, a cure to many diseases, survival against natural disasters, a solution to crime, poverty, and human happiness. Unfortunately, time doesn't pause for anyone, stop avoiding your life just because your bored or uninspired, deal with it. Do something as opposed to doing nothing, don't bother praying and hoping for a miracle. You might as well just kill yourself now and get it over with if you want to sit and pray, hoping that some invisible ghost will come and feed you, drop you some bread and some cash. Con men take advantage of uneducated people, making a living out of the hopeless masses. You arrogant egocentric idiot! Wake the fuck up. ↗

A View of a poet

I believe in the human spirit, I believe in me, in what I see, in what I feel, in what I experience. Whatever is real; is then upon my acceptance. If there are greater forces (out there) somewhere, then we shall discover (them) in good time. It's a waste of time to ever-speculate and assume things which need an extra ounce of faith and vague ideas. Are not the simple things enough for you anymore? The bread, the sun, water, the grainy floor, the warmth of your bed – why so discontent?

The gods, devils, and angels were put there so that powerful people and others like me can control people like you – without getting our hands dirty. So that the simple people can stay in line, and we the kings and others of higher social status can enjoy the spoils and riches of this world. Left out dreaming of a better 'false world' – we rule this world absolutely. Slaves to a fantasy, though the kings knew that if every man was a god or like the king – the world would be in chaos. So as long as a few can accept the delusion, then a few more would follow, enough to keep everything going. We like to blend in, therefore we mirror our neighbors, we copy our friends – so we can fit together. As it is a burden to be different, to think, to make up your own mind on matters, because you exist in a social world. Everything you do will affect everything else to some extent.

Even as I am – authority pisses me off, but there has to be some order. ↗

Motive and greed

Everything done by mankind has a motive. In a perfect world, we do things out of love for others. At times we have to lie – to our friends and ourselves, to achieve our goals. No matter what the cost, as long as we gain in any way possible. In a perfect world, in this abstract fictional world of my dreamer, everyone is equal, everyone is loved, and loves everyone else. But in this world, there is pain, disease, war, and emptiness. It's okay to suffer, you can justify anything you want, because some of us have to lose for others to gain, some of us have to suffer for others to rejoice, in their sickness, in their false state of happiness, whatever it's called. Add here, remove there, how cares. It's fascinating what money makes us do, at one point we want it so bad. We would do anything, even stay awake a few days. I should know that better than anyone. Then when we get it, we wanna spend it, with no logical reason, like an urge in us telling to get rid of it. Impulsive, irrational, quick, we can't stop. We want to buy things we never thought of, stupid things, just because we have money – it's funny. But the guilt hits in days later. Especially when you are broke (out of cash), a feeling in your head that you know you had spent whatever you had wrongly. You may have even asked yourself, “why did I buy this thing?”, “Where the hell is all my money gone to?” But you know the answer to that, don't you? Sure money is the root of evil, not all evil. Can money buy everything? Sure it can. It will buy everything even a fast ticket to your grave. Some smart idiots still have illusion of getting rich, and buying the

whole world, that's why they still wanna go to war with each other, and even kill others, so that they can have what? I don't know. ↗

Chapter 4

Titles in this chapter:

[The woman with authority](#)

[I can't get rid of you](#)

[Raining on a Monday morning](#)

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The woman with authority

I walked with them on their paths, I was loyal to them, and kind beyond the white doves, I did whatever they wanted, but still, they found fault in me. The woman with authority tried to make me take the fall. But I didn't. I could see that they were trying. The smile of revenge, and the popping blood vessel on her face, like she's excited.

But then again, it's the man with even greater authority who has a say in this. So they took my statements. And now I had to wait a few days. So they got me, they made me angry, made me loose temper. So I am the fault? And you think that you have solved the problem by keeping me here longer?

The woman with authority had judged me, and convicted me. Now it was up to the man with even greater authority. But I don't know if I should be here anymore, They have showed no mercy.

Now I wish I had been more smarter. A few days then, when the questioned me, I should have lied. Cold and simple, just lied. I would have got out of this mess, but now it's too late. The signatures fill the papers, and am stuck here. I couldn't do much about it. ↗

I can't get rid of you

Wherever I go, there you are, in a familiar form, standing there like a dream, in my head like a voice, very lucid, I dislike you a lot, why can't you just leave me alone?

I never thought I'd be stuck here with you like this, I try my best to move on, to forcefully remove you, erasing all of your images, all of your being, failing each time, you find your way back to me, like a cancer, you are killing me.

I don't know why, I hate this feeling, I really don't need this right now, so why don't you just fucking die! Damn, now all my bottles are empty. When I began my journey deep inside my mind, after I thought I had suppressed you enough, but there you were again, to my surprise, although I was taking revenge on you, in violence, there was lust in my eyes, and it felt good, in a bad way, like dying in euphoria, I had no control of it, I enjoyed it.

I can't explain it, I don't know why, my sleeping mind has no reason to lie to me, so it must be true, that am still stuck with you, it seems no matter what I do, it won't be easy, I avoid you whenever I can, but it seems insufficient. ↗

Raining on a Monday morning

Perhaps because it's raining, that's why I feel tired, calm, like the whole world will wait for me. Laying down, sitting, or sleeping, and thinking became much easy again. And when it happens like that, things seem fairly clear – clarity. Though I couldn't shake off the strange feelings I had, I was able to wonder off in many places.

It's easier to say all of this because no one is watching, and it doesn't mean anything. The falling of the rain on a Monday morning doesn't make Monday any less Monday, or the rain any more special. But two days after all this; I would feel a lot more tired, like am constantly going into sleep but I never do, I think it's the midnight silence that makes me unable to sleep. Perhaps, it's due to the presence of another person besides me. But anyways, that isn't any interesting either. It's all just something, and it happens, always happens.

Maybe it's more fascinating to foresee things that happen around you. Like the feeling of someone who wants to get rid of you, but they don't quite get to it, but you can feel it, clearly, as you can feel your skin. Maybe even the feeling of loneliness, the lack of something, someone or nothing, whether it's material or abstract. It can make you less than what you are. The emptiness of it is very apparent. You can't miss it, because you will feel it. And you can't control everything around you. Something is always going to affect you. You can't even pretend, that you don't see it. Your not that good. ↗

Being awake

They say staying awake is the hardest thing to do, but I say falling asleep is even harder. It took me only two weeks to get my sleep back. I couldn't recall much, when was the last time I took a shower? What day is this? Did I eat? What was I suppose to do I forgot.

The key to dream experience is being present. Capture moments, being awake, in every experience, being one with yourself. The oneness of everything. In dream reality, you are easily fooled because you are disconnected from everything. You project yourself as a separate state, you see yourself as you see the world, as part of the world. But once you can merge yourself and your projected-body in your realm; only then you maybe able to 'stay' in the moment. Do not be fooled, you can easily loose control and believe the simple. However, be warned, once you merge yourself, it may be permanent. There might be no way back, and you may be therefore inseparable.

There are no real problems, but you will solve them and they will make sense. Snapping out of it is still a problem, and recalling all the details. Ask yourself, 'where am I?' and 'how did I get here?' Recall the memories that lead to the present moment. Ask 'where was I before I got here? What was I doing?'. Deprivation creates a craving inside you, dreams become more long and adventurous, is it because the brain feels the lack of stimuli?

There's always a gap somewhere, even if you cancel time – the world

will not reveal anything new. A few may change with time, but only out of necessity, out of guilt or self reflection. Everything points to design, like a craftsman behind great works, but then it's too improbable. The gaps in the world cause us to leap to that, otherwise the alternative is impossible to even perceive. My dreams tell me, 'the worlds were created simultaneously'. I still don't know what that means, even if it seemed to make sense at the time but not afterward. But my consciousness is singular and present with me at this time; so even if there's another state of the world parallel to this, it won't be me because I am here. Even if there are infinite universes with different laws of physics – it doesn't matter, because my consciousness is present here in this universe. ↗

Chapter 5

Titles in this chapter:

[The Beginning of confusion \(I\)](#)

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The Beginning of confusion (I)

Am feeling weird, like am stuck in a state of mind of neglect or ignorance. I feel like am letting everything fall. Sometimes am confused. I want to be able to do everything, by myself, but I can't. I end up envying other people, and I forget myself, and who I am. I can write countless of repeated words of meaning and emptiness, yet I can't save myself from this 'disease' of mine. I can tell you a lot of events, stories, but I can't help myself to see my own mistakes.

I have been blinded by this world's pleasures, and the guilt of being sucked in them. I wish my life would have simpler, like taking a pills to cure a disease. But the problem is that; I have already seen, I already know, so, I can't forget. So I say, it is better not to know than to be addicted into it. Because when you are addicted, you become a slave to it - hence your downfall.

This world is covered with tall buildings, fancy cars, electronics and beautiful women, but deep inside, it's full of evil. All things have yet become just 'in a system'. Rules set by man, to control men - to explore one another, to kill one another, to lie, to steal, to deceive. So yes, we people, need images to see that we may believe, something fancy or physical, so we may say 'here it is'. And yes, there's money in the world that can buy the whole world, the means of exchange. That's what they call it. We worship money. We crave.

Greed hits us like a hunger, and it kills us, if not, makes us slaves to it.

Hell sure there isn't enough money. There is enough paper and ink. And man can create money. We can not control ourselves anymore. ↗

The Beginning of confusion (II)

Cubic world joined together. The worlds meet each other, by pipes, threads and strings. They are attached so if one world collapses, the other ones also collapse, or get altered. None of these worlds are real, unless you want to think so. But it is up to you, you can choose whether they are real or not. So stay with the waking world. Keep your mind open, reality and fantasy might seem same or might be confusingly alike. ↗

The Beginning of confusion (III)

Now I see where I fit, now I understand why – why am not like them. Those of the world. I know God has stored a purpose for me, for which I pray and hope that I see. I know I have made a lot of mistakes, but I pray to God that I may be forgiven. That I may be given another chance, showing me the her way of truth. Help me to read the her word, to grow spiritually. Her call is higher than mine. Without her I will fall. I pray that God may give me the wisdom and mind, on situations, to decide what is right, and what is, to her will. Within the large masses, let me not merge with them, let me not love the world more than I love you. I stand in midst of falseness, and with her hand, I will never stray away. ↗

The Beginning of confusion (IV)

I feel like shit. I didn't sleep last night, I only fell asleep this morning, briefly. After drinking a cup of coffee, I felt like crap, but I'd be feeling worse without it. I also feel cold. Cold and sick to my nerves. It's a normal feeling.

My days have been like this since I can remember, perhaps back when I got burned by her deception. But it must have started whey before that, like at the time I first cried. I was born sick. Sick in my mind, otherwise I'd seem just fine.

I have no sense over the date, time or moments, I just live them as they come. I don't know why I wake up sometimes early in the morning, sometimes, late in the afternoon tired as hell like I hadn't slept at all. Then afterward (for long time) I would sit and wonder (while I had my morning coffee), "what should I do today... how am I gonna utilize the time, so that I don't throw it to waste?".

And sometimes I tell you, I have no clue. My day starts when yours ends. I fall away when the night fades in. The lights in my room and the windows almost covered you couldn't see the difference. And if I hesitated with sleep, I'd pump myself with caffeine.

Sometimes frustrated as I search for new ideas for my music projects. I want something original, something special, I don't want to be the same like everyone else, as whatever I create, I created for myself, also as a way of self expression, I see sounds like a drug, like a bug in my mind. ↗

The Beginning of confusion (V)

I've got a weird feeling, like am doing something wrong. The fact that I know something doesn't make me an expert on anything, am still learning. Even through my mistakes (that I had made a hundred times before) - Am in darkness. Truly lost in darkness. Why am I stuck in a dimension (of knowing too much and still be in darkness)? It's hard to draw a line. Here you have on one hand; life's pleasures - an easy life. On the other hand; a hard life - pain and suffering. Which one do we choose? Which one do I choose? The answer to this can't be plain or simple. The choice is more than just choosing or claiming, it's also living by it - deeds. It's a hard concept, to actually do what you say. You sure know what I mean. We are weakened by our darkness and fears. We lie to ourselves. We are slaves to the system. The system of the world. Symbols, signs, and images. Always worried about "how do I look?". Some say that we are slaves to our beliefs. But I say you are slaves to yourself and this physical world. Is the world spinning by itself? The water, sunshine, flowers, birds, stars, and just one day there will be nothing? We just die and then what? You really need to rethink this through. ↗

Chapter 6

Titles in this chapter:

[The nature of reality \(I\)](#)

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The nature of reality (I)

Everything is related with everything else. Nothing stands or exists in its own. Nothing is really alone. 'We' exist with the sun, with atmosphere, with nature, In natural world, the predators and the prey co-exist together. Zebras, lions, and grass, all make up something, that goes in motion forever. In our world, politics, co-exist with religion, with business, with everything else. A state of war, can affect the state of mind of a rabbi, and therefore affect that of its followers. Therefore, it can affect the course of its belief and faith, and their state of mind towards the politics, but the war may have come as a result of the state of mind of the politician, which might have been because of one person's personal experience in life. Hence, it is written in history (as it is), for that time. And any other history does not exist for 'them', and likewise a different course of choices would result into different outcomes, but still not isolating the individual components of the universe, of life, and the 'grand schema'. ↗

The nature of reality (II)

'My' perception is 'my' reality. And also, the perception of many, that is similar or unified in its content, is a stronger, better, more 'accepted', more 'real' reality for 'them'. And eventually, 'they' are going to try and enforce it as (the only) 'absolute' reality for everyone. A common phenomena in religion and cults. So whatever 'they' see as real, since they are many, and truly as unified with themselves, as a group – is going to be then 'real'. Not the same as one person 'seeing' things as they wish to 'see'. Time is a measure of moments (as in events), a more 'formal', numerical way to give an account of things that have happened. Moments pass by, and after that they are not there, and if there is no observer then it's like it never happened. For us to remember events and memories – it gives us some proof the existence of time. Time is a continuous function. Time never repeats itself, it never stops, it never slows down for you. It's only the from the observer's view point that time might slow down, or might go faster, but time is there, the time we measure is unchanged. So we can not slow down time like a video editor slows down in his film. Unless we are outside the boundaries of it, like the video editor (who is outside his film). If 'you' spend 'your' time properly, it may make a difference to 'you', compared to if 'you' waste 'your' time, because the time 'you' spend will never come back, will never repeat itself, and it is then lost forever. If you want to slow down time, then count every single instance, every moment, every second of your life, when you sleep dream and recall

your dreams (to that you don't lose anything), never get distracted in thoughts or forget to stay awake. If you want to speed up time, to make it seem moving faster, then dream, do something, keep yourself busy (so that you can't remember to count the seconds), always be occupied with tasks, and all your time will escape you. ↗

The nature of reality (III)

We live in a realm of counterparts, reality divided into it's opposites, even humans – man and woman. Another example is good and evil. But as gods you would need to be in a complete state of existence, in unity, that you may contain all those states of existence. Compare – man and woman, with god - how they both create life. Weight (or mass) in space, is pointless. Look at the sun – it's as if it's floating and motionless. We matter (have value) as material only under the constrain of gravity. Only under the limits that we have, because of the rules that are. But in a state of no gravity and empty space, we are all something and nothing, even though we exist different and differently.

If God went through all the trouble of creating us, then, we must be worth something. Look at us from a physical standpoint, we have biological materials like blood, each of our organs performing their own tasks, working together to hold you as one. We have minds to create, and be creative, and destructive. We have emotions, obsessions, need, and desires, and all that is not in vain. However, if we have evolved dramatically though the years, then it must imply that we are much more important than we think, that there's more to life than we know.

What if we're all made of matter? And as a combination, we add up to the completeness of a single thing called 'the everything'. What if predators and prey kept on their natural cycle, and matter gets recycled (implies that

nothing really gets lost just changed to another form of existence in matter, even though not necessarily 'alive' in our terms). We may die and turn to dust, but dust is the earth, and earth is part of a bigger picture, in a sense we would be all there is, but just subdivisions to it. If everything, eventually, then is made of energy, then we all are energy, deep down no matter what is it. Molecules are atoms, and atoms have electrons, neutrons and protons basically, although there are more things, but then that all is energy. Our bodies then, our computers, cars, air, buildings, everything. ↗

The nature of reality (IV)

It is all in the state of mind of 'your' current existence, for a killer, for a saint, all that 'they' think at this moment matters to 'them'. Therefore it is possible to get influenced by external stimuli, and to change that state of mind to another. There is no such thing as 'personality' as a permanent characteristic, but just a collection of multiple states of mind. Like sadness, anger, despair, hope, lust, joy, relief, pain, fatigue, and they are temporary. For even sexuality is a state of mind, a collection of feelings, along with our surroundings, also people. The feel of attraction, for another woman, or another man, man to man, woman to woman too, all that just a state of mind which you have accepted for yourself. As no one is born preset as a savior or a minion of the devil, we develop, and grow to be what we are. Hence all what you are is you, and your surroundings.

Let's say that sound is just waves (a transfer of energy from one point to another). Visual colors are just different wavelengths (there are no actual colors). Taste is just a matter of the tongue and the mind (there are no actual molecular properties of taste). If what 'we' see is just due to 'our' minds 'interpretation' of things, if everything happens in 'our' minds, then are 'we' really 'here'? But the fact that I asked that question, implies that I presupposed there is a 'here' and a 'there' somewhere in this representation of life (as in the sense of distance in a physical realm). And all that also happens in 'our' minds, but if I don't ask that question, then how else do I

know am I alive, how else am I aware, and conscious, and what is life? Let me ask this again – if all what 'we' see happens in 'our' minds, then what is really out 'there'?

The sensation of touch – a matter of 'your' nerve cells connecting with 'your' brain, and 'interpreting' it as a touch. What is then 'real' and what is 'fantasy'. And who is 'sane' and who is 'insane'? Who is 'right' and who is 'wrong'? Who is a 'saint' and who is a 'sinner'? Who are 'we' really? Did we create 'God' or did 'God' create us? Or is this physical realm just an obstacle to our full awareness and complete development? ↗

Chapter 7

Titles in this chapter:

[One step closer to heaven](#)

[Opening strange doors](#)

[A rainy day](#)

[I want you](#)

[Dream my feelings](#)

[I will never forget you](#)

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One step closer to heaven

In the middle of the hassle, your days keep going, you alternate between moods, and states of mind, at times happy, maybe even euphoric, other times you are angry, tired, careless, and anxious. Just before you get to those moments of euphoria, you have a period of anticipation, the long waiting to get 'there'. But you're not 'there' yet, you feel a rush of chemicals inside you, restless as you are. Whether it's that glass of wine after a long week of work, or that juicy steak – whatever gives you some happiness, from time to time. You never ever really get enough. You are always one step closer to heaven. Never in heaven, even if you were, it was very brief, and it's faded fast into your memories. Most of our physical bodies give up early before we can reach 'heaven' or the ultimate euphoric state, joy or happiness. Sometimes you will vomit the poison you drink before you get the 'high' you were looking for. Other times you lose control of your presence. For example in lucid dreams, you may have brief control, but you forget or get too excited and you slip back to a lower level. Sometimes that fried steak tastes very good, and you want more, but your stomach hasn't the capacity to take any more. Or you have to stop eating before you start feeling bad. Similarly, at the peak of your sexual experiences, you may briefly enjoy euphoria, and for a period of time afterward you feel generally good, peaceful, and at ease. Even if it's a weekend of playing video games – the weekend will pass, it will be like it was never there, unless you stay in the moment. But it's always the moment just

before which is the best, and the actual moment itself. ↗

Opening strange doors

I was taken by her beauty, when she looked at me, I felt like kissing her lips. I was drowned in her seductive sweet talk, the way we connected was unique. I thought it was the greatest feeling in life, I thought I had won. I knew nothing more at the time, nothing but her. The way it was, we kissed for hours, touching each other's bodies, and I sucked her breasts, and she holds my penis. I kissed her even more. I chained her onto the chair, and teased her while playing with her body. And she did the same, kissing my lips smoothly, takes my penis and forces it in her vagina while we kiss. She then moves up and down, in slow motion, feeling the friction between us, in the moment, time was motionless, I could see fractions of seconds, And I thought I had reached heaven. ↗

A rainy day

It was a rainy day, she came to my place anyway, to say goodbye before I leave, to a place I may never return from. Her hair was wet, she was 'cold sexy'. She came to my room, we sat down. We talked, facing each other. With her short skirt, showing off her sexy legs, and the way she sat on the chair, posed her breasts attractively towards me.

Her cute face. She stayed for hours, but the rain kept on falling, the night was also slowly fading in, but you couldn't see it. It was dark anyway, because of the rain and cloud cover. We sat and kept on talking while listening to romantic music, she had good taste. It suited the moment as time flew by.

She looked so beautiful. And innocent. I had to leave it that way too. Afterward, I had to take her to the bus stop, it was still raining. She was wearing sandals, her feet were cold, we walked closer under one broken umbrella, dodging the mud and water pools on the road that we were walking on. When we got to the bus stop, I hugged her goodbye and let her go, never to see her again. I hope she remains in my dreams, in that moment, in that rainy day. ↗

I want you

I want a person who can stay with me no matter what. I want a person by my side, along with, parallel, like we're one, but two. I want you, whoever you are; to be with me indefinitely.

I want you to sail with me, and not get washed off shore. I want you to walk with me through the dry lands, through the floods and wars of men, I want you with me, so even if the mythological stories are true, I would want you to be the last image in my mind before my existence ceases.

If we can go on, if you can be with me through the ages, I would want much more in life or whatever my existence is, I want you, and only you. But only if you want me. Beyond that, I wish, for you to be the better side of me, as I am aware of my evil, addictions, and urges to craft, I lack goodness. Further, I hope that you can keep me balanced, so we can be in unity, as one, and more powerful. We can be.

And together we are whatever we want to be, no one can take that away, not man, not any god of any of the worlds. To as much as I can be an inspiration of a god, if I could, I would create a world just for you, and perhaps you could have me too (in that world). There's nothing in this world, or beyond it, that I want other than you.

I would rather suffer with you for eternity, than spend a lonely blissful life in heaven without you. I would rather have never known you, than to be aware of your presence and not have you. I would rather have never existed if

I couldn't be with you (even if it's for a moment). If we can not be together, then there's nothing else in this world that I can possibly want. I only want you, and you I want only. ↗

Dream my feelings

Let us not lack the hope of life. Let me take you wherever you wanna go. Let us look forward to every moment, for they may be the only ones we get to keep, and this maybe the only life we get, and I would love to love you.

I can be as strong as the vikings, still foolish, irrational, and random. Yet not strong enough to survive alone, without purpose. Simple, are my ways, I can migrate like the birds, through seasons, I can leave all this behind, and survive in the deserts, for a better purpose.

You are beautiful, to the extent that am sober and lucid, that I can see, I think your very beautiful, very strange, and veiled with undiscovered treasures. Perhaps even too beautiful for my reach, but only as far as my alternative reality can take me.

Even with the distance between the skies far, and the lands above it, and the seas deep below, I can feel your presence, as clear as I can see my reflection on water. I still pursue the arts of the world, and even so, I find absence in meaning. Perhaps we can sail together through the worlds, and the oceans on them, and just maybe – we would find something, of much greater value than life itself. ↗

I will never forget you

I was anxious, my heart was racing fast after seeing your picture, I got a panic attack. But because I have grown heartless within, I could barely feel my pulse, and I could not understand why.

And I feel like my veins are pulling themselves from within, like it's a war there. Though still I say that I miss you – it can't be any other way, because we had something special, and we still do, I hope.

If you knew the things that I can create, the things I think about, the things I do, you would never speak to me again, it would have been better that you never knew me.

But in an alternative world, we would have all we ever wanted, we would be happy, you would love me, like your own soul, your blood would be mine, and mine yours.

Beware of this noisy, waking world – we could be trapped here for along time. I can't say forever, because there is nothing like that in the other world. Only in this – due to the physical constrains like time, gravity, fear, and society.

I hope one day, we can be together, since I can't make you love me. All I can do is wait, I don't know for how long, but I will try for as long as I can. I wish for you to love me out of your own free will, out of your own realization. It can not be of my fixing – that would be too easy, and therefore loose it's meaning. However you look at it – good things, nice things, things of value,

come hardly, and are difficult, and require effort.

I will never stop loving you, I will never give up on us. ↗

Chapter 8

Titles in this chapter:

[There's no God, except me](#)

[If there was a God](#)

[The righteous man](#)

[Where is my heaven?](#)

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There's no God, except me

As far as power goes, creativity, imagination, feelings, emotions, things, and non-things, back before time and space, and before all that, the fiction and the speculation, and there, the Gods (of the all the worlds) were.

I am conscious, I can see my self, I can feel my self, when I sleep I dream, I create worlds, and re-created reality for myself. I am the God of my own world. With my own rules, I rule.

I command things, people, and objects, with my hands I direct, with my mind I make, there's no ultimate consequence, there's no judgment, even gravity can be stretched, other constants bent, whatever I desire, I can create.

With my powers, I am what I am, in my world, I am the God of alternative reality. Now I know, that there is no higher order than I. I know this because I can not see my self, but I see everything else through me, everything. If I do not exist, then nothing else will, nothing will matter, not to me. ↗

If there was a God

She wouldn't be anything like the gods we seem to have around us. She wouldn't need to write scripture. She wouldn't need to burn fear upon her creation, there wouldn't be war, there wouldn't be needless suffering. She would be infinitely wiser than everything combined over everything infinitely. She would be the beginning before the beginning, not merely a figure stuffed in to fill the gaps between our time and the distant past. She would be time, she would be matter, she would be negative matter, she would be the everything, and we would all be part of her. She wouldn't demand blood and retribution, she wouldn't need sacrifices. She wouldn't need faith or the display of conscripted devotion – as she would be the only one there is, and we wouldn't need to prove anything. Nobody would have to die in her name as she knows everybody is part of the everything, and all that is part of her – so there would be no need of wasting parts of her, as it is pointless. She wouldn't need a name, as there is no functional advantage of having a name, you and I would be brothers and sisters. We would comprehend and see infinity. We would truly understand love. We would without force feel affection. We would without guilt feel empathy. We would be connected to her like we can see the reflection of ourselves. We would feel her presence and not have to believe in her presence. We would know her, not simply estimate her with fancy words. There would be no need of words anymore. She would be in us, as we are in her, as we feel her because we are all part of the everything. We would be the

same, she would be us, we would be her. No more hierarchy, no more difference, no more pointing fingers, no more shifting blame. There would be no time, as we are part of time, and time is an expression of us. Everything would be, everything already happened, yet to happen, and happening. We wouldn't need to remember, but only know. We would feel everyone all the time everywhere, because we are united with everything else. No time, no space, as we are all there and here, now and then. Simply, we are. You and I are one. ↗

The righteous man

The righteous man swaggers confidently, speaking with full authority, and the authority of the puppet masters he represents, he doesn't hesitate, his tasks are clear, as he knows for sure, it has been revealed to him in secret, it was written for him, so that he can tell us that it was. He says 'here it is', but how can you know for sure? You're one step forward from faith, but countless away from the truth, in the business of certainty, a smile of condescension, an absent mind. You have done well to stop your thoughts, but for me, thoughts are everything. It's the old and fallacious wisdom that implies everything has an answer. the righteous man is truly lost within his commands and his reassurances. Devotion – he serves his masters well, ready for sacrifices, with promises of even greater rewards. The righteous man sold his soul for the fantasy of salvation, his essence lost to the kings of this world. Did he fall asleep while the world fell apart? Has he not seen the endless conflicts and the injustice? Has he not counted the false prophecies that have expired before his eyes? Has he not realized that things end all the time, new things start all the time? He has made himself a servant to serve the purpose of others, not of divinity. ↗

Where is my heaven?

Everybody seems to be in the business of getting their share of the big cake. I want mine too. I don't care much for the singing choirs and praises, I just wanna chill somewhere, relax, have strange women around me, whispering sweet nothings to my ear in a foreign language, as I lay back in my wine fountain no eye in the sky, no eternal damnation, no war, no competition. A world of abundance, a fair world, a free world, a creative world, a dynamic world. No more fear of the unknown, no more hangovers, no more liver damage, just the pure 'high'. No more prisons and injustice, no more poverty and social classes. An eternal realm without a fascist communist god. Am tired of burying gods every millennium, it's no fun. No more mindless devotion and faith. A place of music, and beautiful art. A peaceful place balanced for all. No more profit and oil, no social engineering and population control, no more torture and discrimination, no more slavery, no more rich people - everybody becomes a king or queen. A place of compassion and affection. Lust and happiness too. No shame, no guilt, no social influence. A place where everyday can be celebrated, A world where meaning is not a requirement of life, a world without man-made divine purposes, a world where everybody can make their own purpose, their own meaning. A world with less suffering. Biological immortality. A time where people care for strangers without any special affiliation, no need for groups and separation, no need for organizations, no need for borders and countries and soldiers. A world more

united, a self governed world where everyone can contribute in their own way.

No more taxes, no more wages, no more sacrifice, no more sin and debt. A

world of dream and love. ↗

Beyond our reach

In this finite world, if I wish to be at the beginning, I can't, I can only go to the end, but I can't skip time, so am stuck here, now. Waiting for the end, but then the end of one thing means the beginning of another, and nothing stays. Always here, everything ends, at many different times, and also times will end along with everything, at some point.

So long as we're in this finite world, everything has limits, many things are tangible, here now, there tomorrow. Out of all the infinite possibilities, we're bounded to a much smaller realm, like gods trapped in man's soul, made fragile, vulnerable to pain, anger, fear, mindlessness, greed, sorrow and death.

We want the things we don't have, and the things we have, we take for granted, are we ever content? But we can't have everything.

Who would save us from the misery we created for ourselves? Who would grant us life across the ages? Within the spaces of chaos, the existence created by supreme spirits, and far away beyond the alternative worlds, the realms of matter, consciousness, and meaning. There is something I can not describe, something beautiful, something of timeless origin, something of infinite existence, the oneness of everything, that stretches endlessly everywhere. ↗

Chapter 9

Titles in this chapter:

[Fool's paradise](#)

[Falling into the depths of dreaming](#)

[Code 10](#)

[Separation of Self](#)

[Reflections: Me and myself](#)

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Fool's paradise

It's there, I can see it staring at my eyes, I know it, because I see it clearly as I see the furniture around me, and the lights.

Although I am here, I lost track of time, split between what was and what I wanted, it was her again, she's the reason. I was waiting again, I always am.

She kept me sitting here, and I forgot everything that matters. Looking around, at useless boxes, and hanging cables, the low light was comforting enough to pinch the back of my eye.

My clock is off, I still don't know whether it is early or late. I guess I will find out tomorrow when I wake up. Repeatedly turning my head, hoping for a sign, each time, my eyes get heavier, and my faith wears thin.

And I wonder, like a lost child, like a mad philosopher, I wonder, when is she gonna show up, just a few more minutes. I have kept telling that to myself, for the past half hour. And I keep waiting. Like a fool. ↗

Falling into the depths of dreaming

My powers were weaker, my spirit was flickering, and I fell into deep sleep. Yet so much happened, here and there, I tried to wake, but my physical body was lagging behind. I couldn't find it, and so I fell deeper and deeper, and I discovered more stranger things, and forms. After a while, I woke up suddenly, and I was complete, like a warrior ready, surged – I was in unison.

Am dreaming and am falling, I keep turning back, I can't let go of myself, but am feeling.

And the morning comes, the wind blows you away, the skies are so gray, enough to keep you here for a while, and the people at a distance, you open the window, you smell the leaves and the rain, the train passing by, and the smell of coffee. It's surreal, and exaggerated, there's too much color in these spaces, there's endless matter in a fraction of mass, why are you still here? What do you want? ↗

Code 10

I am the one who cuts you and the world.

I will shape you as I will, and I have.

You can not do anything else.

You will bend to my will, do not resist.

But who am I, as I am not alone.

First I asked myself, then I asked my self again.

Only the second time I knew the truth.

I asked myself the third time, and nothing formed.

And ever so.

Before you see the truth clear,
you will have to go back and back again,
only then meanings will raise forth,
and from that you will gain much more.

The knowledge you take is yours,
although only a few can really understand it,
the meaning is important to anyone.

↵

Separation of Self

Is there a 'self', or a 'me', or a 'person within me'? Lets say there is. Lets say there is me, and my self. At least for this time, let say we have, 'us' and 'ourselves'. So that were able to talk to ourselves, so that were not totally all alone, lets say we can communicate with us, just the same way people communicate in the outside world. And to some sense this is true perhaps with many, although in the sounds between silence.

But here is the twist – what if there is a contraction with your self? So it's like saying 'self contradiction'. So that would mean, 'I don't agree with myself', and therefore creating some sort of 'separation' with 'me'. That is a state of mind, which can imply 'chaos'. Where as in the other end, we would have the complete oneness of the self. The unity. The enlightenment. Whatever it is referred to. The problem with being content with ones self is that it doesn't challenge development (on a personal level to begin with). The problem is you will always be there at the same place, unless some uncertainty is introduced to create a conflict with ones self. Which will result to something like a 'threat' or a 'challenge'.

The consequence of that – you get a sense of meaning, task, purpose, or focus. And hence the 'change in', from one point to another (typically from low to high, or bad to good). This maybe viewed as proof, that you are alive. Why? well if life is so motionless, or orderly, then it's like your on autopilot, nothing is happening. But once some uncertainty is introduce, then you aim to resolve

the challenge (or problem), then you can sit down and say 'I did something', or 'I achieved something'. The downside of this phenomena is that once one creates a complex contradiction with one's self, and is unable to resolve it (for a long time) - then it's easy to get depressed, or stressed. Maybe even give up hope, for living life as it is. Taking away the hope of life, then it's easy to part away from one's mind. So where is the balance? Where do we draw a line and why? ↗

Reflections: Me and myself

My fear is my downfall.

My heart is my weakness.

My faith is failing me now.

Look at me now.

My words will condemn me.

My actions will portray my image.

By my actions, I will be judged.

With my eyes, I see nothing.

My lies will destroy me.

My mind will confuse me.

My pain disfigures me.

My tears are water to you.

My fear is yours to abuse.

My intentions will work against my favor.

My life is falling apart.

But my enemies can't defeat me.

And you can't kill me.

↯

Dream #08: My conflict with Wisdom

I stood before Wisdom with my variation, her time is unknown, her form is of twofold – one known, the other falsely made up. The two spirits of familiar origin became manifest upon the realm of intellect.

Wisdom offered the two spirits different poisons; some known plainly, others disguised as medicine. I took the mind of one of the spirits and received balance, compassion and harmony. My variation took the mind of the other spirit and received the infinite knowledge, focus and super-devotion.

With it, I could ease the minds of others, or burden them with sorrow. Although I envy my variation – I remain as I am, unresolved. I wasn't happy. As moments are recreated and forgotten, my spirit walked through another world.

There Wisdom rests in a place of comfort. My spirit felt affection for Wisdom, as it is so in the other realms. The connection was faint, as we also joined Wisdom in her peace. I learned her truth. ↗

Chapter 10

Titles in this chapter:

[The battle with myself](#)

[I want to want indefinitely](#)

[No title yet](#)

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The battle with myself

I see myself, my reflection, split within, and contradictory. For the lack of sleep I stay with the waking world, substance, matter, feeling, and flesh, though I prefer the alternative world.

I find it easier to fear nothing, and keep myself here with you, days keep fading, memories re-emerging, and forming, I can't tell the difference anymore, as it is, in transition, dark, cold, and vivid, like they mean nothing special, yet it seems like every moment is my last, and I hesitate to close my eyes, I don't want it to end.

The mere fact that I exist is disappointing for me, but that is meaningless, because I can't know that unless I exist. And so it becomes useless to think about it, however if you have feelings for me, then my life can mean something, and requires nothing more to explain.

But all this is just a battle with myself, and the lack of hope, sometimes, a simple battle, where I always win, at any cost, heavy is the way and more empty, without the drink of wine to calm down the randomness, and confusing state of mind, thoughts recreated all the time, in excess, in between silence.

1

I want to want indefinitely

Sometimes, not always, sometimes, we get these annoying feelings like nothing we do counts, or anything we intend to do, doesn't happen as we thought it would. After that frustration sets in. Maybe even depression, and boredom. But how did we get into this mess. Getting out is not easy. But it's do-able. Here's the trick – all you have to do is create meaning to your life, some purpose to make your life matter, that is have value to you.

Also at times, we get familiar to the concept of giving up in life. Why do we give up on life ? May be due to the lack of meaning, it becomes fairly easy to do so. May be frustration. May be sorrow or anger. Whatever it is, it does happen. All the time, everywhere. Why does one person value their life so much that they watch every micrometer and calorie, and another person can commit suicide ? And both of them seem, and convince themselves that they are rational. Perhaps that is who they are.

So then, what is the problem? really there isn't any. It's simple. All you have to do is – want to create meaning or purpose to your life, then it may make sense, and hence you may feel something. Proof that you are in fact alive. But there is the concept of 'free will'. So what does that mean? Well, it means something like this – it's up to us (we, the soul, and we, the being) to choose. To make the decision. So now that I am free to choose, then the problem becomes complex. Why? it's obvious – all I need to do is; to want to choose. So I have to want to create meaning to my life. But it's still

insufficient, it's incomplete. So I have to want to want it. That is to want to want to create meaning to my life. Because if I say I 'have to', that implies am not totally free. So, I want to want to create meaning. Still not enough. So I want to want to want to want... to create meaning to my life.

So the 'want' stretched infinitely back beyond the abstract 'zero' point, if we can imagine it in a linear, one dimensional plane. However there is another problem; even if I can pull it off, it's not possible due to the physical limits of this world. Time. I can not want to want infinitely in a finite amount of time. Therefore making the whole concept impossible to take place. Because if you take the sum of all the 'wants' from negative 'infinity' to 'present time' then you would get the true complete 'want' in absolute 'free will'. And I wonder, can we really create meaning to our lives? ↗

No title yet

When day turns night, and night turns day, you and I will be unified. We will become one, like brothers, like blood, like 'the everything'. And the world loves you, but ignores me - so my jealousy will turn water into wine, and the wine will be cheaper than anything.

The skies will remain pale, grey, and uncertain. When so, people will try to foresee unlikely outcomes, and they will wish with hope. Like so it is, then the sounds will merge to form forms, and to cancel each other, yet they will be felt present, from their fading reverberation.

I will be there, looking at you, and the world. And I will keep my world away from you, and all those like you, so that I can remain through time, and time, for ages to come, and ages back, I will be between here and infinity. Although I won't reach glory or happiness, my essence and presence will not fade without consequence, and you won't have to pay for it; but this world will.

You are like me, though we are yet to be unified. Through trial and error, one day, we will become as one, as if we are the same, like blood and wine from a distance. And no longer shall we fear anything, anyone, or the worlds beyond. We will not sacrifice a pint of anything to be here.

I drink my drink, I search life, build my ways, I find things, places, and concepts, I never dwell, nor commit myself to anything, I move along. I do not look twice, nor do I shed a tear, I do not look back to my childhood, I do not

care, for nothing is lost, nothing is gained, all either ways the same.

Whatever you see, whatever I see, we see it as we want, as we see, and so it is. Times come and go, even people are forgotten sometimes. Nothing can be oversimplified, everything can be special, yet boring and dull. Promises made, some broken, hearts too, and minds shifted, faith, hope, fears and wishes.

Am a lion, am angry, I have enough energy to consume the physical world, although I do not hate or dwell in hate, I have anger. I won't rest till I get defeated. And I will face the darkness, by becoming the darkness, thereby making us also the same. And I will become more evil than the dark, making it look light, and small, and meaningless.

As we get closer to the skies, the lies unfold slowly, we see the reality behind the false architecture, we saw a few with influence and power – evil. They manufactured fake enemies, we killed the wrong people, then here we are, paused – justifying ourselves. Aren't we the absolute righteousness? We are like gods, so blind with our status, we forget ourselves there in this world. Even through focus and good will, you can not turn people's hearts. You can not erase events, alter time, or create other worlds to escape this. You can not make me want love, or make yourself be loved, however you can cause an effect, you can exist somewhere. ↗

Damaged mind

I laugh in hysteria, I enjoy the pain I inflict upon myself, am loosing my calm smile. I wont blink even if the world falls apart, I wont cry or feel sorry for you anymore. Am not trying to be anyone I can't be. Simply as I am, I am. Let me be the way I am, as I am not here for you, nor for your friends, neither for your leaders in your society. We hold our own blade, we curve our own reality. I could have just let it go, but I chose not to, I chose to pursue it further, nurture it, make it grow into something, into character, into a mind. The human spirit, I call it, as I reject the gods who form behind the clouds and demand blood in vengeance. I feel nothing for them, neither for their blind servants who are afraid to be lucid. Once I wanted a cure for this, once I thought that I was diseased, now I have come to accept myself, through a long process, much to reflect on, much to learn, much learned. But I am afraid of creating another mind like mine, I fear the effect on the things around. I can't account for the shifts caused by my actions. But someone has to continue my work here, someone has to be me, when I become absent in natural form. ↯

Eternal nothingness

When I see the ignorance of the marching parades, I smile. When I see the naive nature of those who look up in the sky, and I see all the pointless anger and disputes over my nature, I stay behind, the consequence of randomness, freedom, and thoughts. I sit beside my glory and I wait.

No music can please my ears enough, although maybe for a while, not eternally, no amount of praise, or gifts can charm me, for what is there that I can possibly want that I do not have? Even if I wasn't here, there would be no point to create me.

From the small to the endlessly vast, I am here, there, and nowhere specific, and I am everywhere. Sometimes I sit alone in the skies and wonder, I can not dream, I can not want, I can not crave. What more is there out of, the universe where everything is in?

And so, even the universe is vast and variable; it can not be held in my palm. I forgot the point, yet I created all of it, so it may hold the substance, life became strange.

I split myself in many, I divided my powers and characteristics, I poured them all over. Yet there are those who think they can be like those of my nature, without any understanding, they use metal steel, power, and foolishness, to conquer minds and lands, and with their little understanding, they become less than that which they hold, with every deed, the meaning is lost, in the struggle with no point. Only pain. Useless pain. ↗

Dream Psycho God

I am drunk with ideas, theories about the world, with wine too. There's always something fascinating about to happen, or I'll make up things. Creating the illusion of time, so we can grasp and look at moments, events, and ourselves. Without the apparent feeling, everything would have already happened, and nothing remains. No future, no dreams, no story to tell, no cry, no smile, no loneliness, no joy. Then I'd be sober and drunk eternally. We couldn't hear anything, no music would play long enough, or far apart to contain feeling.

Why me? Why now, and why here - the sense of seeing yourself, the eye inside your skull. Without a reflection, without a delay of your image, you would be sleeping like the passive worlds, hence all this would be non-existent, useless.

If I do not oppose, it will never stop. But someone else will, everything keeps happening. Things, events, possible states of the world keep taking place, no absolute measure - everything is affected by everything else, nothing in itself can hold, it's all somehow connected or dependent.

But it doesn't matter how it all works, as long as you can find your own happiness, whatever the point of existence is, only you know. You are the one who exists. You are the ultimate infinity - if you cease to exist, then even those greater than you never were. You are the key to life and beyond. You are God within a dream of ever-starting, recurring dreams.

Backwards back beyond the start, and nothing more but another dream, ever going back indefinitely in itself, repeating, yet not identical, not random, just your choice and whatever else you never chose. Even with choice, you are not complete, as you can't choose everything, you can't have everything. You can't do what you can't do.

Am I 'awake' or 'alive'? How do I know? Why should I wonder that? Am I dreaming life, or living life? Am I dreaming a dream? How can I see myself looking at myself? How can one see themselves seeing themselves? Where is the ultimate consequence? All we have is the bed we make for ourselves, so my sister, my brother, make me care, make me feel, if you try harder, I might blink. ↵

Chapter 11

Titles in this chapter:

[This wasted life](#)

[Natural motion](#)

[Just a dream](#)

[The fear of life slaps you well](#)

[Still hoping](#)

[System of oppression](#)

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This wasted life

A few weeks to go, I'm tired of the flow,
too many things to do, I am loosing my temper on you,
I wanna get out of here, I wanna disappear,
I'm not a slave to you, but I don't have to,
fuck this shit, this wicked system.

Do what you wish, you wont get me anyway,
You're not God - so you cant take my essence away,
And all those material things that you would give your life to.

Too much authority, will never bring peace,
do not judge me, I'm not your disease,
cant win this war, cant outsmart the devil,
I am standing here alone, against the whole world.

This life, this wasted life,
we lost ourselves to the money and lust of the world,
I'm sick of me, I'm sick of you.

Don't look at me, am not the cause of your grief,
if you don't believe me, I don't care,

just take a look at me, I cant help you,

if you smoke vodka and you drink weed,
don't blame me, if its the other way around,
look at life, you are far too behind,
if its a game, you've lost,
if you are insane, it's your own call,

I'm not here, never was, never will be,
I am standing here alone, against the whole wide world,
I am fighting a war that I cant win,
even though am weak, with all these things,
but you still cant kill me.

↗

Natural motion

People and their hopeless causes,
false gods, false hope that leads to war,
man made laws - that we cant avoid,
everything goes like a fog for so long.

The spiritual, the superstitious, the real,
we live in the fear prison - a world without feeling,
too much technology,
the walls are closing in - claustrophobia,
I cant sleep - insomnia,
I'm starting to see things - schizophrenia,
fair enough, here, take some drugs,
you have a weak heart.

A pathetic excuse of life - lies - the common dream,
we're living proof of our own misery,
while real evil covers the face of earth
- we argue about irrelevant things,
the hope of something better - somehow mankind got lost in between.

We speak confidently without fear, man of little faith come here,

swallow this shit, repeat after me,
automation complete, now your ready to deceive your kids,
with these cheap Christmas-lights logic,
skip the feelings, go straight to the healing,
fight your demons, don't worry were here for you.

Things go in natural motion,
but reality is distorted,
explanations forged,
and the world froze,
I don't need to hear more,
I am sick and tired of you all
the cause of endless pain, till today,
I am insane? Yeah, you wish,

Too little faith, can make you doubt even what you say,
yesterday, I used to be afraid, to say what I wanna say,
but now, I care less, reckless, I speak my mind,
am like a pissed-off bug, that you wish you never disturbed,
so many things unsaid, and it pains me to say,
I cant run away, so much bitterness inside,
that's why I cant write, and say what I wanna say,
in these limited frames.

Too little faith, we can go on endless ways,
too much info to feed our brain, so little truth today,
everyday its like a horror game, only more real,
the ending is sad, no fake blood,
no saving progress on the memory card,
this shit is real.

Things go in natural motion,
but reality is distorted,
explanations forged,
and the world froze,
I don't need to hear more,
am sick and tired of you all,
the cause of endless pain, till today,
I am insane? Yeah you wish.

↵

Just a dream

This is the place we fell in love,
rather, I fell in love with you,
when I first saw you walk by,
I looked at you, oh how beautiful,
when I turned around, you were gone,
it must seem like something was wrong,
it must be my eyes playing tricks on me,
that lead me to believe,
that there must have been a chance for you and me,
I can picture you holding my hand,
as the wind blows your pretty hair,
the beautiful flowers, the leaves falling down,
the way you look at me,
like an angel from heaven, who came to save me,
like a dream I can never have again,
I cant believe, it seemed so real,
the way you smiled, the way your eyes shined.

This is just a dream, the place seems so surreal,
a place for u and me, a place that no one can see.

Unlike this world, unlike the rain and the snow,
where everything seems so cold,
how can love turn into hate,
how can we escape, the depth of the effect,
now everything is a wreck,
no one can clean this big mess,
happiness, such a hollow feeling,
because I cant feel it,
we are nothing until we stop pretending that we know everything,
people want control, they want to own the world,
that's why there's hunger, poverty, sickness, and greed,
crime everywhere, hate, wars, the struggle to survive,
children die in vain,
people kill themselves just because they are frustrated with life,
the fear of dying, tears from your eyes, the deception and lies.

This is just a dream, the place seems so surreal,
a place for u and me, a place that no one can see.

↵

The fear of life slaps you well

People live in the fear of their government, afraid of being shot, for standing against authority of the unjust. The chaos, like the silence before the storm - waiting to claim lives, the stress of wondering - being alive, being alive and living a lie. Hoping for a better today and a sure tomorrow, from a violent past - is like waiting for lightning to strike twice the same day in the same place.

Police brutality, unnecessary violence, freedoms taken away, to fight the rebellion, they won't hesitate to use the gun. People disappear without a trace, life expectancy - there isn't any, so many people die, everyday is dooms day.

You never know what's going happen till it happens. Declaration of independence - another name for capitalist fascism. We ain't free from anything - just the flag going with the wind, while the highest bidder benefits, from everything, from all the pain and lives they took away.

Ain't nobody going to surrender, to the idea of corruption and crime. Two sides to any story - fuck the politics, high influence and poor society, with democratic beliefs - it doesn't exist, it's just an idea, to make you weak, another word for slavery, superiority, idealism, control freak. The poor countries, and the world bank - they loan you money, you can't pay them back - even if you sell the whole nation, it's a calamity. An endless battle to be free, am sick, you're sick - with no specific disease, leaders mislead people to misery, don't deceive yourself son - you don't mean anything to them.

The gift of life taken by anxiety - its a disaster, I don't know how it got this way in the first place. Its the fear of life that moves our minds. ↗

Still hoping

Secret society abide with me,
never lie to a man spiritually,
I wont admit defeat even if you see me bleed,
even if you insist on it.

False prophecy got me paranoid completely,
I even forgot to sleep this week,
but I thought it was real, truly healing,
am not an illusionist, just this whiskey got me tipsy.

But never say that I cant see, that am stupid,
that all roses are green yeah sure thing,
the lack of violence - got me thinking silent,
suppressed emotions overload to the surface,
too compassionate, too much kindness - blinds my mindset,
I don't know what I was to say.

Too much of anything is bad for you,
sometimes even your own teachers lie to you,
pay me more cash and you will pass the exams too,
and I was foolish to think that this shit was even true.

I tried too many times to forget - it was so much easier to run away,
but it never left, I could never escape,
its too late, too late,
reality kept following me like a bad dream,
a painful remainder of my evil deeds,
I tried so hard to look the other way,
but I could not change - I guess it was meant to be that way.

Is it possible for two brothers to walk in light,
and one day to turn against each other and fight?
Can either one justify their love is right?
If this happens to you, what you suppose to do,
if your they think you're a fool?

I think everyone is should be equal,
stop this shit of classifying people!
Its an endless battle for a simple answer,
the concept is a disaster - I cant move any faster,
its a psychological trick - everyone sins,
there's no distinction between evil and the lesser evil.

So don't deceive yourself,
don't let fear dominate your life - speak your mind,

don't look behind,
whatever you're looking for,
is right here within your reach.



System of oppression

While you sleep in warmth, comfort beneath your feet,
debts pile up, worms devour the sands,
time flies before your eyes,
you have been made weak.

Pieces of silver, blocks of dry wood,
you do what you're told,
you do it well - serve and sacrifice,
have you not seen how the world works?

The green currency made from air,
the sweatshop slave bathes in suffering,
poverty sings like a screaming child,
give your soul, give your dedication.

Bloody and cruel as your machines are,
as we all are, just as well - selfish and greedy,
once again the overrated dreams of a good life,
things that never exist - we want what we cant have,
but we have too much already, enough to see,
enough to experience, enough to know.

But we are fools, an easy prey, a hungry infant,
vulnerable and confused,
you think that black expensive suit makes you more honest?
think again Mr briefcase and fancy car,
you ain't any better, keep your smile in your pocket.

Keep dreaming, and I'll keep fighting back,
revolution and freedom, peace and love - the things we never have,
scared and scarred, broken and numb,
sanity went out the window, so did your humanity,
because, really, you are standing in front of a loaded gun.

So all you can do is sleep comfortably,
then you will forever sleep in your cheap bed,
gazing in the sky - slowly forgetting things,
repeatedly lying to yourself,
avoiding the loaded gun - but somebody will get shot.

↵

Chapter 12

Titles in this chapter:

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[Whatever you became](#)

[Morning rain](#)

[Erase me](#)

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A letter to a familiar grave

I looked down on your grave, filled with flowers and leaves fallen – there you lay (down) peacefully – here we cry over your flesh, tears fall because we miss you.

I hadn't spent much time with you, thought I'd never lose you, it's too soon, if I knew I'd call you every week, visit you on my summer holidays, send you photos and write letters. Truly I miss you, even now, so much since you left us, I wonder where you are now – if at all you are.

Only memories remain with us, from my childhood, when you held my hand, we walked around, through parks, railway stations, the tracks, the fresh smell of oil, the joy in my mind.

In my dreams I see you in a perfect world, with me forever in happiness, you glow brighter than an angel, blur and faint like a candle, but I know you already left me, and that was just a dream that I created for myself. How can we have infinite railway tracks? And how can I have cried over you while you were with me? And we were so happy for the last time, only to wake up suffocating in sorrow, to have lost all that, I knew it was just a dream, wish I had more time to stay here with you, though you're really gone.

I look at your photos, I smile, I see you, and am happy I had a chance to be with you, in this lifetime. I'm truly thankful. ✨

Whatever you became

Sleep, sleep, my darling,
you've had too much already,
don't be anxious for all your troubles,
whatever you had in this world.

Don't you see the reality,
feel what you felt before,
whatever you are, remember that day,
it's all gone, all far away.

I don't know you anymore,
I don't recognize your smile,
your eyes have turned so blue,
you think, you think you're still here.

Its okay, its alright, you can go,
I wont mind, I'll be fine,
and you think of me, and see what you see,
remember me, remember what we were,
remember what we had.

Sleep, sleep my darling, don't be anxious,
don't worry, I wont mind, its okay, its alright,
you can go, I'll be fine,
I'll be fine.

↵

Morning rain

I wake up with your absence,
the images slowly merge,
with the falling rain drops,
and I can't hold you any longer.

The fallen glass of wine,
stains the floor,
and you walk away,
just like that.

The cold settles in,
the sky disappears before your eyes,
I can't let you go,
there's so much unsaid.

Stay for a while,
feel the connection between us,
getting stronger and stronger,
and we become one,
it transcends beyond the physical world,
far beyond, imagination, sensation... ↗

Erase me

Sometimes I loose my way,
I forget – I forgot that am alive,
and the pain keeps reminding me,
of all those things that I did.
I can't run away,
there's much that's out of my control,
I can't save my soul,
the only way is to erase me,
I left you no choice,
but to take your anger out on me,
come and kill me...

I look around, there's nothing left,
just the sound,
I walk away, there's nothing left,
just a cold trail.

Here we go again,
chasing after a wild dream,
happiness so much in vain,
it never makes any sense to me,
I can't save my soul,
the only way is to erase me,
I'm not afraid of you,
come and find me.
come and kill me...

If I sit down, and stare you in the eye,
watch the world fall apart,
if we don't care, enough, to lift a hand,
and the wind blows, we're lost and they are gone,
and the winter shadows, and the cruel cold,
the empty space, between frozen waters,
I'm not here, you're not here, nobody is here.

They walk alone, everyday like yesterday,
we sleep alone, we dream and we see,
if you can't find me, just erase me,
this is where I fall, alone.

You don't remember me, I can set you free,
this is not your world, I know who you are.

↵

Place like heaven

I walk in between, the sea of love,
lost for all those who fall apart,
I can't say, when we'll all recover,
Its a long way, don't look back,
one day we'll all be there,
together, in a place like heaven,
no more lies, no more wages.

Sometimes, nothing seems to work,
sometimes, we're just okay,
its never been the same,
ever since you went away,
I dream of you, from time to time,
often I wake up, even more alone.

I hope one day, we'll both be happy,
I hope one day, we'll be there,
together, in a place like heaven.

↵

Poison

There's something in my heart, running through my veins,
like a cancer, consuming me, I can't breath,
I can't feel anything,
I woke up, so cold, empty and alone,
and there's no cure, I can't fight it.

Theres nothing colder than your eyes,
something in your gaze, frozen and pale,
the way you looked at me when we said goodbye that day,
each moment goes by, the pain grows, deep inside,
and there's no cure, I cant fight it,

I know its not your fault, we never tried,
now its too late, because am dying, slowly,
and I carry all the memories, I cant find peace,
I cant feel anything - except the pain you left with me,
you used me, then you rejected me.

The poison is me. The poison is you.

↵

I'll miss you

Its been such a long time,
I'm going away,
its been such a long time,
I'm going away,
to a better place than this,
to a better place than yesterday,
I will miss you,
it is peaceful,
you better stay where you are,
so many still love you,
so many still need you,
oh, they still need you.

↩

We are time apart

When you call me at night,
it feels so good to hear your voice again,
it's been a while since we talked,
so much had been going on lately.

So much I wait to tell you,
When will I see you again?
Your pretty face – full of joy,
your heart with happiness,

Whenever we are together,
I wish it would be forever,
just as the moment passes,
I don't want to let it go.

Sometimes I wonder,
how long can I hold your hand,
not letting go of your body,
not for a moment, I wont,
because we have lost too much,
and we are ages apart. ↗

Chapter 13

Titles in this chapter:

[The authority of complete worlds](#)

[The world beyond the wall](#)

[God of apathy](#)

[The philosophy of being alone](#)

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The authority of complete worlds

Everything seems to be in motion,
the keepers of false knowledge,
nothing truly began,
the singular answer,
the solution to all our problems.

There are a thousand angels looking down the sky,
I feel like am standing here all alone,
because the atmosphere is getting so cold,
I cant escape the feeling of loosing you,
because as time flies, void seems to fill my heart.

As the kings and architects plan their conquest,
and so do the rebels and illusionists,
everybody wants a share of power and glory,
confusion and disorder seems to govern,
the result is uncertain,
we expect not peace anymore.

A period of wisdom approaches,
those sworn in secret may acquire,

some say it, others deny it,
the darkness fears its enemy,
men roam and march the earth,
they command obedience and claim truth,
you cover yourself in the name of peace.

As we struggle to gain form,
we try and try again,
we establish the rule of law,
now everything seems to fall in place,
as we have managed to scare even the tyrants.

The eye of the observer is the means to truth,
reality is much more complicated,
everybody claims what they may,
the thinking of the woken mind,
now everybody is an expert,
the age of pseudoscience.

Aim, reload, fire, repeat,
the mass conflict, of men and men,
of lands and lands,
of ideas and faiths,
they fight for what?

what have they seen that I haven't?

We became tired of the state of things,
it was upon us to craft a new face,
to cast out the old ways,
so we can have a new beginning,
not to completely erase things,
just to adjust them.

Gallons of the best wine flow in abundance,
we rejoice in the spoils and drunkenness,
we have finally arrived,
after a long and hard journey,
now its our time, no more pain,
only true peace, the dream of dreams.

Before I can say what is next,
between this and that,
there lays an unimaginable vastness,
and through mountains and valleys,
we will sink deep in the abyss,
indefinitely and seemingly forever.

↗

The world beyond the wall

The mind behind the mind, guiding us, giving us common direction, like we're going somewhere, but nobody knows where. For some, its a bigger profit, for others it may be joy or some higher self-righteousness, whatever it is, we keep moving. Maybe we're mutating, in another level, unlike the old days, the days of cells and molecules.

We're like a bug, a bug that knows its a bug, a bug that can choose for itself whether to follow its instincts or to go with the wind. For us to ask questions and to think for ourselves, is like a cog and wheel in a large machine questioning its function, and fighting its fate (as a small part in a large machine). Perhaps we're like a virus, with many variations, and the virus keeps mutating, fighting itself, and one day shall it gains something god-like, the ability to be aware of itself and everything around it. This virus, has potentially countless variations of itself, at the same time, but without a set goal, no end game. The question is who is the engineer of the virus, what does the virus do? But that is yet to be discovered.

An arrangement of cells to form organs and tissue, and so on, further more connected by neurones, capillaries, and other pathways, to a central system, and then, as well as, to a master control – the mind. And that mind works behind a larger system like government or society, organized in a way to sustain itself, just like any basic system, but with non-specific end games.

Because of our faulty wiring, we want to go backwards further and deep

to find some origin, some cause and reason for all this, but all that is as irrelevant as a cog and wheel questioning its function in that large machine. The impact of a single person can be as meaningless as a single grain compared to the solar system. But it matters to that person. Its hard to see all that, but there's always a bigger picture, which is more clear and functional. We just have to see it first.

We have to stop looking for answers that do not help us. Knowing is never enough, because you still need to sustain yourself, and keep struggling through everything just as before. The answer could be one of the countless possibilities, or something we never even imagined, but still, it doesn't change the world, unless you can extract something valuable from that information – otherwise its as useful as knowing the weather forecast for the whole month.

↵

God of apathy

There is no end to this. The subtle pain remains deep embedded within the muscle, within the heart. But what heart is there to start with when all you saw was the absence, the empty cavity in the chest, a deep unclear hole.

Wishing, wondering and thinking, all that and more – its not enough, I still fall short, I have work to do. I hope this time my results will be better. If not, after a while, my presence will be futile, all what I am shall become hollow.

I'm afraid of the void that sits beyond the skies above, but I welcome it, I crave it and I need it to be there just like the skies above need me to be here. Maybe we only remain with little of choice in the matter, maybe we are just fools – convenient for the show.

I figured my mistakes this time, it was simply that I was always too nice to them, and in the end my niceness became a god over me. Henceforth, my niceness becomes my death, because all that I really was, all that I can be, that I seek – are erased by god. I thereby grow to hate god.

I shall breed a different kind of god this time, one with no bother, with no emotion, with no affection. A more apathetic god. After all, emotions just lead to more stress, and that leads to destruction. ✎

The philosophy of being alone

1. To become truly an artist, a poet, or a god – one must seek solitude, one must seek the path of self-discovery.
2. The path itself is hard to walk through, but the journey is essential for one's true freedom and happiness.
3. Being alone is not being antisocial, rather, it is knowing that you are sufficient for yourself.
4. Loneliness is feared by many, but you shall face your fears and become god over your emotions and your irrationalities.
5. Without you (the subject, the observer, the self), nothing exists, nothing matters, nothing becomes.
6. Even though the world will move on, unaffected by your existence, or by your non-existence – the world partly will be far worse by your absence, than by your presence.
7. Due to environmental circumstances, and other factors that you can not control like culture, religion and personal faith – it will become much harder for you to integrate with the world.
8. You choose your own grave. Whether you die alone or with a million other, it makes no real difference.
9. Stress and trouble is the result of your self-doubt, which leads you to think that your existence needs to be validated by others. That need not be. Avoid all that by acknowledging your own being.

10. Whatever is true to someone, may not be true to another.
Whatever you want in life, may be prevented or destroyed by those who are close to you. Do not needlessly sacrifice your being for the sake of others.
11. Your own survival is essential, and it takes priority over the survival of others. Your life is your own life, and its the only life you have, so don't throw it away expecting something in return. There's no glory in death.
12. Do not tie yourself to a tree. If you do, keep a sharp knife in your pocket at all times. You will be at the mercy of the tree, until someone cuts it down, because that tree will never move.
13. There's nothing that anyone can do for you that you can not do for yourself - true happiness depends mostly on what you do, not what others can do for you. ↗

Chapter 14

Titles in this chapter:

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Someday – I will see you again

I hate to see you leave,
I cant let you go,
but the train comes in five minutes,
and I will be waving at you,
and I don't want to shed no tears,
because I believe that I will see you again,
not so far from our special place,
I will see you again...

You don't know, how much it hurts inside,
to loose someone that I love,
but I know deep inside,
I haven't lost you forever,
hope that someday I will see you again,
hope that I will see you again, someday.

I know I will see you again,
I will see you, someday,
I promise...

↵

Don't leave me here alone

Come and take my hand,
lets be together, and free,
enjoy the breeze, and the falling leaves,
forget what you know, leave it all behind,
lets go together, lets leave,
we'll just drive, endlessly,
we can do so much together,
you don't have to worry about a thing,
the time is now, there's no tomorrow.

Take my hand, come with me,
if you will, walk with me,
to another place, never doubt,
that you can see, beautiful things.

↗

Soft light - shining far

Before I go,
I wanna let you know,
I love you...

I am holding my last breath,
so I can remember who you are,
I am letting my fears go,
so I can fall, peacefully...

All I hope for is to reach my destination,
all my troubles gone,
walking my last journey,
I'm going so far - where you cant follow,
this is the end, the end of time,
the end of my time.

↵

Warm heavens

I take my comfort in knowing,
that I'm not all alone,
I live my life like theres no tomorrow,
but on a different place than this.

I wont be lost, forever,
theres someone, watching, where ever.

My brother, don't leave me,
my mother, don't leave me,
my sister, don't leave me,
my father, don't leave me,
heaven, don't leave me,
heaven, don't leave me.

Its easy to leave everything, and go searching,
sometimes all this doesn't matter,
we dwell on small things,
I wont accept this reality,
its never impossible, as long as you can dream.

↗

The rational gambler

Risk taker, write down the mathematics, see where you stand,
I am here in the middle, in the numbers, in the paper,
but you are missing the point, the game is rigged.
I stopped playing, I put down the drink,
they're both killing me, what a waste.

Pipe dreams, optimistic odds, one in a million.
Just like yesterday, same as today, and so on.
I can't stop playing anymore, its addictive,
its fulfilling, its like the drink, I get the high,
the hope of winning drives me, deludes me everyday.

But I have to make up for what I have lost,
with even bigger pay-offs, maybe just a loss,
I will never know until I win.
Its hard to stay sane.

↵

Chapter 15

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Chapter 15

Suicide notes

You will wonder why I did it, you'll look for clues, you'll try to blame it on something, but you will never find out why, and you'll feel confused and sad, maybe even angry – yet, it will never make sense. Your mainstream experts will tell you their stories – and you'll be compelled to believe them, maybe they'll write it off as another statistic in their next best seller, but am ahead of you all.

Like in most of my writings, like most of me – I figured out something, I saw a future I could not be part of. If you want to be poetic and condescending go ahead – say that I was good, say that you can not believe it, say all what you may, you fool. If I heard you speak like that I'd kill you myself, then we can both have a tea party on the clouds – what is the fucking point? Everyday is the same old crap, like a hit song playing in your head repeating forever, I can't make it stop!

I just wanted to sleep and never wake up, what a waste of time explaining myself to fools. I am the bigger fool for trying, I knew you would not understand – nobody did when I was still awake.

Now that I am no more, you will try and glorify me in your head, you will try and unveil all my secrets (but you never will), and maybe you'll light a candle or hang a photo – I say burn it all down, erase me completely – don't waste your time, I didn't. Laugh, cry, I do not care, but stop acting like you knew me, or that we were close, stop wasting your breath, just pretend am far

away in another country that you can't reach or whatever (if it helps). I never had that much affection for you to start with, so, fuck off!

I thought about this very long and very hard, I understand what my choices mean, I knew what would happen and how it would affect everything else, I never made this choice lightly. I gain no joy from your suffering, though now its all irrelevant to me, after all its you who have to go on living, and continue spinning the axis drawn for you.

Its funny, just the other day I was thinking which is the least painful way to go. Hanging seems like almost the most quiet way to go, not regular hanging, but suffocation. The loss of air slowly takes you to a euphoric state and you pass out, only never to wake (and that is the point). Jumping from a tall building is out of the question I can't handle heights. Off myself with a firearm? I don't have one, and I wont go through the trouble of getting one just to use it once. And it leaves a huge mess for the cleaners. Poison? Maybe, but what kind of poison, you might just wake up in the hospital as a 'failed-attempt' patient – that would suck because now you look like an idiot who can't even kill himself.

Some may say I was disturbed, but I know that there's nothing waiting for me on the other side. I know all I will ever feel and see and know – I have already. I know that whatever I was is gone from that moment I ceased to be. All that remains now is an empty body, a pile of decaying matter – unless you want to bring me back to life – you should just burn it.

Finally, I am free from all that, from all the pretending, from all the annoying uselessness. Finally, I can rest, though I do not know that now. It

feels strange... to say these things. I appreciate all the experiences I have had, all the trouble, all the good and bad, and all that you've had to endure from me. And so on, and so on.

After all that, you will always wonder, my images will flood your mind, as you realize that I do not really exist anymore, you will feel the emptiness, even if its for a split second. You may feel like my ghost walked through you each time you are in a dark room, my smell will trigger a clear image, at times you will forget and speak about me in the present tense, maybe you'll even call me only to realize am unreachable.

And if you're a follower of the Christian faith, I will be laughing at you from heaven, as I drink my wine, and play with the hot twenty or more naked maidens that I have serving me, as you suffer here, stuck in your misery, trying to figure out shit. I nearly choke on the red wine flavored with pussy-juice looking at you and your expressionless dumb face, and I say to myself, "what a miserable fucking existence", and I proceed to laugh in an evil tone like I own the universe. But, if you're a non-believer like me, then you know where I will be - nowhere really. Okay, maybe, in the ground decomposing, with the rest of the shit in there - that cheap wooden coffin and fake black suit doesn't really help the situation. Unless they burned me like I wanted them to, then you probably scattered my remains in the sand or ocean, who cares - in that case, we have nothing more to talk about.

Though I can not be in two places at once, depending on your personal beliefs, can I? Whatever the case - I have no more impact, as I am like I never was. To 'never be' is worse than 'being nothing'. But its all non-consequential

and unimportant. My memories will probably die along with those around me, and as time passes further and more, all this becomes irrelevant because nobody remembers you – nobody knew you. Unless you immortalize yourself.

Whatever you do, I say good luck to you. ↗

Something that I became

I have always wondered who I was, what I was, yet looking at my hand, I see myself similar to those around me. I see my palm, I feel it, I think I am here, I am myself, me, as I am. I thought it was some sort of 'darkness', or a defectiveness on my part – I felt incomplete all the time.

I breath in, I breath out, I feel my lungs, I can feel my heart, its very near, I can almost hear it beating in me. Pain is no different either – I can sense it all. My skull, my shoulders, my arms, my ribs, my abdomen, my spine, my legs, everything, I can feel everything at once. They say its normal.

Even in a world of Gods and fairies, I considered myself special. Special and trapped. Its like I'm being held away from my divinity. But I'm no fool – I knew I was flesh, bones and water. I knew how fragile I was, how little we all are, I saw it, and I understood our finite nature. I have seen life, I have seen death. Maybe they feel the same way too.

As time expires, as I learn to break free from the simplicity and ridicule – I find myself equal to God without being the father that so many need in this world. This world of cruelty, of their own making, of their own culture and emotions. Picking up a sword is a choice, standing in an army of killers or defending yourself from those killers. Its all a game. A real game.

But I am past all that. I knew I wasn't that person. I didn't have it in me. I never really cared that much. Just an automatic response – my cheeks, my lips, my face – they form without much thought. Once I feared the 'darkness',

now I embrace it, because I found out that it was not 'darkness', it was me. There was no 'darkness', no 'light', no 'good', no 'bad' – just me and the world around me, the world I was in. The world I hated. The existence I endured, the life I chose, and the things I was given.

The kindness I showed, the humane things I did, the niceness I had in me, that and more. Even after so many years – I didn't know who I really was. Or I wasn't sure. Either or, yet nothing is important enough for me. I tried to open myself, I tried to work on my weaknesses. It took me a while to figure out that its all meaningless – whatever I do, whatever I didn't do, whether I thought of it or not, its just too small.

I want to blame everybody, I want to blame those who were with me in my earlier time, but my rationality compels me to stop myself, and therefore I correct myself. Rationality is not enough anymore, as my anger overrides me, as my sorrow detunes me, as my body fails me. I'm loosing control of myself, my life, the fragments of my being. Mutation and conflict, as well as internal over-thought, random spasms, muscle twitches, heavy breathing, necrosis, and the subtle poison flowing through me – I have chosen to ignore all of it. I'll take my chances. ↗

The killer inside my dreams, the dreams inside me

I walk afloat like a God spirit, I have no face, no form and no reference.

I become the hunter – I will hunt those who hunted me.

I have no remorse, I feel no guilt, I feel no sorrow.

I feel nothing but the pleasure and overflow of power.

I will fight against you all, whether good or bad.

I will never stop, I will never yield myself, I will never become like you.

I shall not be overcome by anything or anyone,

I shall not be merciful anymore,

since I have become the ultimate energy.

I will fear nothing, no evil can harm me, no goodness can compel me.

Even the darkness will flee from my presence,

even light shall fade and collapse in itself.

Neither sound nor matter shall exist without my permission.

I shall consume everything.

Though I struggle with myself at times, there's nothing you can do,

you can never defeat me in this world, my powers are endless

I can erase you without even lifting my hand, without any effort.

I am here, there and everywhere I want to be. ↗

Forms of love

From warmth, therefore love – she imagines of him.

“Every drop you leave of your dirty lust,
drives the woman inside me, makes me want you,
the heat, the moment takes me,
and you have me at will.”

From scent, therefore love – he thinks of her.

“As the sun settles beyond the horizon,
you walk by, I feel you, I want you,
my mind has frozen, you have taken over me,
I cant control myself.”

From obscenity, therefore love – she speaks of him.

“I am corrupted by your vile mouth,
you make me feel dirty, and strange.
I like it. So do you.”

From pain, therefore love – he lusts after her.

“I enjoy the strike of your hand,
the intense anger you release on me,
otherwise I felt nothing,

so keep on hurting me.”

From poison, therefore love – she conspires with him.

They intoxicate themselves,

the flow of wine, the made up lies,

the fading moments, the false memories

and the morning goodbyes.

From conflict, therefore love – he tests her.

“You have thrived in the disagreements,

violence and in the destruction of it all,

you have spoiled me with your addictions.”

From water, therefore love – they unite.

She goes under the surface, he follows her,

they watch each other, forming connections in a new world,

they love each other in the depths of the ocean.

From tranquility, therefore love – she calms him.

“When you sleep I will gaze upon your body,

I am intensely aroused by my desires,

you will feel me in your dream as you sleep,

I shall sex you in to a euphoric waking.”

From deprivation, therefore love – he hunts her.

She walks alone in a dark alley, awaiting him,
playing the victim, longs to have all taken away,
provoking the criminal in him,
“I enjoy the thrill of the chase.”

From solitude, therefore love – she departs from him.

“I find myself in a vast unsettling loneliness.”
She excites her sex, looking in the mirror,
her fingers play, only touching lightly,
she realizes her own existence.

From love, therefore satisfaction – they are content.

After they love each other tirelessly,
only their sweat and stains remain,
they are now joined, naked and shameless,
she looks at him, he reassures her.

From satisfaction, therefore foolishness – she deceives him.

He tells her all his secrets, she manipulates him,
he will do anything, sacrificing it all for her sake,
sheltered in false pretense.

From foolishness, therefore death – he remains without her.

She goes in for the kill, disarming all of him,

and now everything falls apart,

back to the beginning,

like it was before they met.

From death, therefore grief – she hurts him.

An unimaginable despair befalls upon him,

their affair ends in suffering, regret, and anger,

none of them are well, as both of them pay the price,

for being in love in a loveless, cold and unforgiving world.

From grief, therefore emptiness – they find clarity.

Everything is re-created again, but this time differently,

each one of them finds a new life,

though they carry their past with them,

they are free, to love again if they want,

or to fall again if they wish,

“I shall endure anything, nothing can limit me.”

↵

Oh, Sarah

Oh Sarah, the things you make me think about,
the touch of your lips I can only imagine.
The bullshit you say, I like it that way,
I know you're lying to me, but its okay.

When I dream - I dream of war, sex and violence,
you made me this way.
With your games and lies, you have kept me here like a slave.
Waiting for that day, when we shall meet again for the first time.
Like a fool, I believe what you say, come with me, lets walk away.

The way you bite your lip when you speak to me.
Though we have never spoken, I feel as if you are with me.
You drain me, you excite me, the way you give it to me.
The way you tease me, with your sexy hair,
tight dress, strong legs and high heels.

Some might say you are too old for me, but I don't care.
What do they know, they are speaking out of envy and jealousy.
I know you're the woman for me, even if your kids are as old as me.
They can never have what we have, even though we are worlds apart.

Oh Sarah, what must I do to win your attention, to have you notice me.

You give me the delusion I need,

you're the only one I see, even after these drinks.

Nothing seems to be, reality, fantasy,

the sex dream, oh Sarah, you and me.

↵